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SELECTED POETRY.

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

On the cross beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In the summer and winter that bird is there—
Out and in with the morning air;
I've passed him oft, and I know his peck
By the play of gold in his mottled neck;
And I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.

'Tis a bird I love, with his brooding note,
And the pulsing throb in his trembling throat;
There's a human look in his swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of his lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel—
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell—
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon—
When the sexton cheerly rings for noon—
When the clock strikes clear at morning light—
When the child is waked with 'nine at night'—
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
Or rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee.
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world and soar,
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that in such wings of gold
I could my weary heart upfold;
I would I could look down unmoved,
(Unloving as I am unloved,)
And while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe;
And never sad with others' sadness,
And never glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
And, lapt in quiet bide my time.

THE SISTER.

BY HON EDWARD EVERETT.

Yes, dear one, to the envied train,
Of those around, thy homage pay;
But wilt thou never kindly deign
To think of him that's far away?
Thy form, thine eye, thine angel smile,
For many years I may not see;
But wilt thou not sometimes the while,
My sister dear, remember me?

But not in Fashion's brilliant hall,
Surrounded by the gay and fair,
And thou the fairest of them all—
O think not, think not of me there.
But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,
And hushed the voice of senseless glee,
And all is silent, still and lone,
And thou art sad, remember me.

Remember me—but loveliest, ne'er,
When in his orbit far and high,
The morning's glowing charioteer
Rides proudly up the blushing sky;
But when the waning moon-beam sleeps
At moon light on that lonely lea,
And nature's pensive spirit weeps
In all her dews, remember me.

Remember me, I pray—but not
In Flora's gay and blooming hour,
When every brake hath found its note,
And sunshine smiles in every flower;
But when the falling leaf is sear,
And withers sadly from the tree,
And o'er the ruins of the year
Cold Autumn weeps, remember me.

Remember me—but choose not, dear,
The hour when, on the gentle lake,
The sportive wavelets, blue and clear,
Soft rippling, to the margin break;
But when the deaf'ning billows foam
In madness o'er the pathless sea,
Then let thy pilgrim fancy roam
Across them, and remember me.

Remember me—but not to join
If haply some thy friends should praise;
'Tis far too dear, that voice of thine
To echo what the stranger says.
They know us not—but shouldst thou meet
Some faithful friend of me and thee,
Softly, sometimes, to him repeat
My name, and then remember me.

Remember me—not, I entreat,
In scenes of festal week-day joy,
For then it were not kind or meet,
The thought thy pleasure should alloy:
But on the sacred, solemn day,
And, dearest, on thy bended knee,
When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,
Sweet spirit, then remember me.

Remember me—but not as I
On thee for ever, ever dwell,
With anxious heart and drooping eye,
And doubts 'twould grieve thee should I tell;
But in thy calm unclouded heart,
Where dark and gloomy visions flee,
Oh there, my sister, be my part,
And kindly there remember me.

SELECTED TALES.

[From the Court Magazine.]

O'SHANE'S DAUGHTER.

Near the town of O——, in one of the northwestern counties of England, is a small hamlet. A few years back, in the outskirts of this hamlet, might be seen a solitary cabin, inhabited by a poor man, his daughter, and three sons.

These people bore suspicious characters in the neighborhood. There was something mysterious in their way of living, for which every one desired to account. The two elder sons, it was declared, were daring poachers. The father was supposed to be connected with a gang of smugglers on the coast, and to be employed by them in their illegal traffic with the inner counties.

O'Shane and his family had come from a distance; their name seemed to bespeak their origin, as might their dark blue eyes, long hair, and bold determined [illegible].

It appeared that the residents in the hamlet did not care to have much dealing with the O'Shanes: partly, because, as they remarked, they knew nothing of them; partly, perhaps, because they guessed more than they knew; and partly, again, because, whatever might be their conduct in the routine of daily life, it was clear that both father and sons were desperate men, tall and strong of limb, fierce in look, and quick in action.

The villagers were right to leave these undisturbed, whose whole demeanor seemed to say—'Meddle not with me, and I'll meddle not with you.' And thus the [illegible] passed among them, but in emphatic whispers, accompanied by a mysterious shake of the head, and by divers signs meant to be expressive of more than human sagacity. This was the case especially, when an orchard was stripped—a hen-roost cleared out—or the lines cut in a washerwoman's drying-ground: and, even then, the words were thought to be most frequently on the lips of those who knew more of the matter in question than all the O'Shanes in the united kingdom.

[illegible] length of time it remained uncertain whether these people deserved the odium so generally thrown upon them; whether they were in truth so reckless and destitute of principle as was believed, or whether the singularity and wildness of their mode of life alone, had rendered them objects of disfavor. For this effect, extreme ignorance and poverty might easily account; and such misfortunes being as likely to become the sources of every other accusation, time or circumstances alone could prove whether or not they were well-founded.

If pity ever mingled with the feelings excited by the occupiers of the cabin, it was for the daughter of O'Shane. In her sixth year the poor girl had lost her mother, and from that time had never known a mother's care. Under the rude though somewhat strict management of her father, and at other times under her own guidance, Grace had reached the age of eighteen. Her slender capabilities had been devoted, during this period, to the training of her youngest brother, who, the year after his birth, had been left by his mother's death completely helpless. Rory was accustomed to look upon his sister as a parent: bound to her in every way, the boy did her bidding with implicit obedience, and followed her footsteps like a dog. Poor Grace!—beyond the occasional lessons of rough morality that O'Shane endeavored to enforce, she had no principle to guide her conduct: she seldom said a prayer, and hardly knew that there was One above who would have listened to her if she had prayed.

She loved Rory, and she feared her father—those were the only two feelings of which she was conscious: the one made her kind and generous, the other vigilant and active. Yet pride, vanity, cunning, and self-will, had early taken root in the character of O'Shane's daughter, though she could hardly have described these evil passions by name.

People looked at Grace with compassion. They said it was a pity [illegible] years of age, and never been taught her alphabet; that she should know no better than to stroll the country singing ballads and telling fortunes, when she might be earning an honest livelihood, and maintain a respectable appearance in the world. People pitied her; for with all her faults no one could hitherto have said any harm of O'Shane's daughter. If she was in the habit of hearing more bad words than good in the course of the day or of receiving many an oath and rude jest, instead of thanks, for her daily services, she had never for that reason been found the less willing to oblige at another time; and her advice to Rory not to learn the ugly language, was only the oftener repeated.

When it had been once proposed to O'Shane to let his daughter go into service, his indignation knew no bounds: he told the farmer's wife who had the charity to offer such advice, that Grace would learn more bad ways in a month, than she would learn from him in all her life; for O'Shane had his ideas of duty, such as they were. The loss of his daughter, too, would have been irreparable; and when at length convinced that the counsel, thus harshly rejected, had been given in kindness, tears stood in the father's eyes, as he answered—'she was too good a lass for him to part with her.'

Grace, therefore, remained at home; and her old habits became more inveterate than ever.

The cabin of the O'Shanes consisted of one large room;—airy enough, for the walls were full of crevices, the planks of the door did not meet the threshold, and seven panes in both casements were wanting. Here, most of the family lived and slept; the small dormitory of Grace being the only addition to the cottage, and that so dark and confined a recess, as scarcely to be called a room. Thence, however, she was wont to emerge every morning, after the dispersion of the family, and assisted by Rory to prepare a meal for the uncertain hour of their return. This first repast, consisting of yesterday's remnants, was more or less ample according to the state of provisions in the house; but it should be here observed, that it was the usual dinner or supper (whichever it might be called), of the O'Shanter family, that had contributed to strengthen the uncharitable suspicions which they had so generally excited. Whilst otherwise existing in an undeniable state of wretchedness, it had still been observed, that the comfortable fare of these people was far beyond the means of their honest neighbors, who were therefore too ready to conclude that such resources must be obtained from the preserves of the country gentlemen, or in some yet more lawless manner.

Time had, however, elapsed without clearing up these doubts, or indeed affording any material insight into the actions of the O'Shanes. They seemed desirous only to live quietly and unheeded, and others were [illegible]

One morning that O'Shane had returned about ten o'clock from his early labors, he found his daughter standing in a window of the hovel, tying up a handkerchief in the form of a bundle. Her back was towards him, and, as she hastily passed to her own sleeping room, a piece of very fine linen dropped upon the floor.

'What's this?' said O'Shane, kicking it with his foot; 'what have you got there, girl?'

'Sure,' answered Grace, 'they're things I'm carrying for Mistress Deeds to Martha Luckie's wash. See now!—if it ben't late, and I mustn't first get your breakfast:—Terence and Dick comin' in, too, and nothin' ready this blessed morn.'

Having caught up the garment that had fallen, and thrown it with the bundle upon her bed, she shut the door to, and began laying out some cracked plates and and horn mugs.

A dish of broken victuals was placed before O'Shane, who looked with some dissatisfaction at the unpalatable scraps.

'Is that all we have left?'

'All, father!'

'Well!' returned the old man, good-humoredly, 'who knows what the boys may bring home with 'em! Sartin, if a stray beast, or summut to the purpose fall in their way, 't would be no bad look-out.'

'They may keep the bits dinner, else,' replied Grace, carelessly moving towards the door of the cabin, where, at a short distance, the steps and loud voices of the two brothers were heard approaching.

As they came up, she placed her arms across the entrance, exclaiming half in jest, half earnest—'ye have no need to show yourselves here, without your hands are full. There's nothin' for you; and sure, nothin's good enough for those that bring nothin.' It's always the way now; people expects food to fall into their mouths, and no trouble, but a blessin to 'em.'

Then tossing her head, Grace began singing a rude ballad, denominated the 'Pleasures of Idleness,' that perhaps formed part of her itinerent stock; and she gave it with a somewhat ironical emphasis.

'Hold your clamor, and make way there,' interrupted the elder brother, as he strode up the step; 'it's hard if a man must ask your leave to walk in and out. Come, Mistress Grace, give room for your betters!' Thus, speaking; he attempted to push through; but Grace stood her ground, the more firmly because she was backed by Rory, and she knew that her brother durst not strike her, as his uplifted stick seemed to threaten.

'Who's to give lave in this house,' she inquired, 'if 't is'nt me? How's your breakfast to be served, if 't isn't by me?—and if there's none in the house, where's the trouble of walking in at all?'

Terence was inclined to reply practically to these arguments, and a scuffle appeared in consequence likely to take place, when O'Shane's voice, still louder than that of any of his children, reminded them that he was at home. He was filling his flask from a small keg of spirits placed under a stuffed sack, which by night served the purpose of a pillow, and by day concealed from the vulgar eye what he considered a necessary part of his subsistence. The two sons having been allowed quietly to enter, he turned to inquire what success they had met with, and received from the younger a heavy bag containing several head of game. The supply was laid aside for the present without further remark, and Dick and Terence succeeded to the remains of the breakfast.

As the two young men sate together, they discussed the news of the village. Great alarm, they said, had been created that morning, by the disappearance of a gentleman's child belonging to the neighborhood.

Every body they had met on their return home, had stopped them to tell the story; and to ask if they could put them upon any clue by which the researches of the parents might be guided.

The lost child was a girl five years old. She had been sent to take an early walk with the nursery-maid, in her father's grounds. It was said that, on reaching the gate of Mr. Clifford's Park, the child had been left for a few minutes, as the servant was accustomed to fetch her a cup of milk from the adjoining farm. When the maid returned her little charge was gone, and no traces of her could be discovered. The parents were reported to be frantic. The nursery maid had been turned off; constables were already sent for from O—— to make inquiries; the crier was proclaiming the loss through the village, and the consternation seemed shared by every individual. Perhaps the sensation was heightened by the fact of Mr Clifford being one of the greatest landholders in the neighborhood, and a gentleman whose wealth and influence the country procured him general respect.

The O'Shanes laughed as they related the story.

They seemed rather to enjoy the misery of those, whom, in their ignorance, they would have deemed exempted by their position from calamity. They seemed to imagine that misfortune brought the rich man nearer to a level with themselves. It was perhaps this manner of expressing themselves that attracted the attention of the father, as he had before scarcely appeared to heed their words.

'Shame, lads,' said the old man, 'that you can sport with a parent's distress! I am ever willing to forgive a wild turn, or to uphauld a daring act, where the nation would oppress the poor for the sake of the rich;—but for takin' delight in a base and cruel action, I would turn the best on ye from my doors for iver.'

As O'Shane spoke, Grace was fastening on one of his brogues that she had just mended; and, whether to determine its fitness, or to give emphasis to his words, her father at that instant stamped his foot upon the ground with a violence that made her start almost to falling. He rose also directly to depart, and, kissing her affectionately, left the cabin.

The brothers soon after followed.

[illegible] overpowered [illegible], when in the course of that morning, he was arrested by two men, who carried him before a magistrate at O——, where he learned that he was suspected of having stolen Mr Clifford's child.

A little purple morocco shoe with a silver clasp was shown to him, [illegible] declared to have been found near his cabin. He was then desired to say what he could in his defence.

Notwithstanding his anger, O'Shane's replies to the questions of the magistrate were simple and uniform. His astonishment at the accusation, and his ignorance of the time and circumstances relating to the fact, were evidently unfeigned. It was also proved, that both he and his sons had all the morning been at a distance from the spot; and when this became known, it was of itself a disculpation,—consequently he was released. But the resentment occasioned by this arrest did not easily subside.

O'Shane had long been an oppressed and suffering man. He he had been buffetted and scorned; he had for years felt the 'proud man's contumely,' and the many stings of an outrageous fortune; for he was born under better circumstances than his lot now exhibited.—Therefore a host of galling and implacable feelings were called forth, which in the mind of one who, like him, had battled with misery rather than bow under its discipline, displayed themselves with unmitigated force.

Unable to resume his compesure, or return to his occupations that day, he went home. It was long before the usual hour of his coming in, and no body was in the cabin. He called. He looked out for Grace. He wished for some one to whom he could speak of the humiliation he had been offered—of the overbearing oppression of the great—of the unworthy suspicions that poverty excited in the minds of parish overseers.

O'Shane went to the door of his daughter's sleeping room, and threw it open. He sate down on the bed, that he might in some degree regain the tranquility of his mind; and here he became absorbed in thought. During this interval of reflection, and quite mechanically, his fingers lifted a dark cotton handkerchief that was beside him, the same that he had seen Grace tying together before breakfast. It was now loosely folded, and, as he fumbled it in his hand, he did not perceive that it contained any thing. In taking it away, he had however displaced a little shift of very fine cambric, as well as a purple morocco shoe with a silver clasp. When his eyes were at length cast in that direction, he started! The poor man then remembered, with fatal accuracy, the origin of his trouble. He kept gazing at this objects with a sort of terrified uncertainty, as if he believed himself under a delusion caused by some evil spirit, until, being convinced by the reality of their presence, he held up and spread before him the little shift, and tried to decipher the initials marked on it, which something at his heart convinced him must signify Julia [illegible]

'Surely,' said he, 'the finger of heaven has guided me.'

Then casting it again upon the bed, he rushed out of the house.

It was past two o'clock in the afternoon when O'Shane returned to his cabin. On reaching the door he heard careless voices in conversation; he saw figures within; and he stopped and sat down by the entrance without being observed. A bit of broken glass was fixed against the door of Grace's room, at which she was standing. She had put on her best stuff petticoat, and was then separating the long masses of black tangled hair that fell over her shoulders, in order to turn them round her head under a handkerchief. A gay red Madras, with yellow flowers, such as she had never before been seen to wear, was in her hand for this purpose. There was something strikingly picturesque in the young girls attitude and looks. Her father groaned inwardly as he considered her.

On a low stool beside Grace, and patiently awaiting the completion of her toilet, Rory was seated; whilst at the same time he arranged in a basket some ballads, matches, nutmeg graters, children's rattles, and other toys. They were going to the fair at O——.

'How much will them all fetch, Gracy?' were the first words the father overheard.

'Not better than a trifle, child, answered the sister, paying more attention to the adjustment of her handkerchief than to Rory; 'not better than to trifle, 'cause its only poor folks as buys those goods; but supposin' we have luck in tallin' fortunes to-day, I'll get enough to pay half a year's schoolin' for you. That'll be brave; won't it, Rory? You'll soon be able to say the songs over, for me to learn, and we'll hold up our heads above all the rest.'

'You won't get enough in one day,' Rory answered.

'Ah! but I've a small matter beside, what was gif to me, only there's no need to say nothin.' I should like dearly to make a jintleman of you. Rory, if you would be conforming,' Grace continued with earnestness, tho' she did not lift her eyes from the glass.

'Father don't think much of larnin',' was the reply, and 'I cant say as I've a great gift that way myself;—but, if it's to plase you, Grace—'

'Plase me!' she interrupted. 'Why, sure, if it would not plase me, to see you supayrior to Dick and Terence, and that nobody's fault but mine!'

'And what'll I be doin' then for it?'

'Why, wouldn't you be all as good as a prince to them ragmuffins, knowin' how to read?' Would'n't you be tellin them when they spake bad words, and able to tache us the manin' of things? And should not you be givin' example to all the house, and takin' my part agin them always?'

'Aye,—what else?'

'What else, is it? Why should not you fight Tam Gurney, then, for callin' me gipsy girl?—that no less nor a week past, bad manners to him!'

'And where's the harm of being a gipsy girl, Gracey? If you're an honest gipsy girl, you're better than he is,' remarked the impassible brother.

'No matter for that, Rory, it's a misbecoming word; it's not for the like of him to——' Grace stopped in her speech, at the sound of her father's step, for he now entered the cottage. She sprang forward to take his stick; but O'Shane coldly repelled her assistance—placed it against the wall—shut the door, and walked without speaking to the fire. The father stood for some time before the hearth, apparently watching the simmering of a large pot that contained the supplies his sons had that morning brought home.

Yet those who knew O'Shane might have been certain at this moment that something of terrible import was on his mind. The stern, cold manner of the father—his pale and frowning countenance, his unbroken silence, were ominous of a scene more fearful than any to which his children had yet been subjected; and though their peace was not often thus interrupted, they guessed by the past the danger of the present warning. It was above all Grace who seemed terrified by these indications of a gathering storm. She looked at first as if paralysed by the strange repulse she had received; and still, while pretending to be occupied (as far out of the way as possible) in tidying the apartment, it was obvious that her agitation was very great. Rory made many unequivocal signs that they should be off, which met with no attention. The eyes of Grace were cast down, her fingers trembled, and her countenance expressed a gloomy anxiety which she was endeavoring either to brave or to overcome. After gliding softly from one place to another, after arranging each accessible piece of furniture with the most fastidious precision and probably collecting at the same time the presence of mind that had forsaken her, it did however occur to Grace that the moment in which a retreat might be effected should not be passed over. She paused and stole a glance towards her father, whose back was turned—another less daunted to Rory. He was standing ready with his basket hoisted. She beckoned and moved towards the door.

Her hand had no sooner touched the latch than O'Shane turned round. He did not speak but motioned with his arm that they should neither of them quit the room; and when Grace let fall the bolt, there was a dead stillness.

The brother and sister would not have spoken for the world, and the old man himself seemed hardly to know how he should give utterance to the thoughts that filled his heart.

First his hands fell by his sides, his head sank on his chest, and he remained in that attitude of deep dejection as if unconscious that they were looking at him.—Having at length recovered his firmness, O'Shane drew a chair and sat down. He then fixed his eyes upon the troubled [illegible] of Grace, with an expression of penetrating [illegible] such as she had never before endured. At the same [illegible]

[illegible] he said, speaking very slowly, 'this day of a crime, of which I told them that suspected me, I thanked God in my heart for having made me a poor and obscure man, that I might not so offend a fellow-creature as to accuse him and tell him he was capable of the like.'

The color ebbed and flowed in Grace's cheeks.

'I told them that not I, nor any that had iver belonged to me, would have disgraced themselves to commit such an unnat'ral act, though it were to revenge the deepest wrong that man iver bowed beneath. Can I say this now?'—he continued, with a vehement and quickened tone that amounted almost to ferocity—'no, girl!—though I were to give my right hand, you know I could not.'

Tears had at first] risen to Grace's eyes and only through a convulsive effort were they kept from overflowing; but as her father's voice grew firmer, as his scorn and indignation became more apparent, the struggle on her part appeared less difficult.

It seemed she sought the dignity of firmness to supply that of innocence; but this was not so easily attained, for when O'Shane paused, an expression only of stupid horror was in her fixed looks.

'I had no warrant for my pride this mornin',' resumed the father; 'I was deceived where I had put my trust, and that a trust of long standin'. But no matter:—only, as you see not what I have been pleased to think, you may expect to find me changed too. There are a few words to settle 'tween us two, that is all.'

Grace remained silent.

The voice of the father faltered, as he put the following interrogatory remark. 'I believe you to be concerned in the theft of Squire Clifford's child?'

She did not answer.

'You are not afear'd to behave basely, but you are afear'd to own to 't.'

The girl started. Instead of shrinking under his searching glance, her figure drew up stiffly, and her countenance assumed greater calmness and resolution.

'Did you entrap this infant?' he continued sternly.

'I did.'

O'Shane seemed almost to choke.

'Had you any 'complices in that act?'

Grace shook her head.

'What's done with the child?'

'I have sold it!'

'You have sold flesh and blood! To whom?'

'To mother Garney.'

'And did that woman counsel you the theft, or did you yield only to your own wicked thoughts?'

''Twas Mother Garney asked me.'

'What might be the price o' your iniquity?'

The daughter put her right hand into her bosom, and drawing forth a piece of gold, held it before him [illegible] on the ground, then rising with violence tore off the handkerchief and threw it from him. During this violence she only bowed her face, nearly concealed as was by the long locks thus unfastened.

A pause ensued. The father exhausted by the effects of his indignation; the daughter was reduced to a state of apparent stupefaction; Rory was too frightened and too miserable to give utterance to his feelings.

One of the elder sons had entered meanwhile and seated himself at a distance, aware that the authority of his parent was not to be interfered with, although unacquainted with the cause of its being exercised.

After the space of a few minutes O'Shane walked to the window. He took up a pen that was in a broken tea-cup full of ink on the ledge of the casement, and looking round him with uncertainty.

It was the custom of O'Shane when his signature was required to make an O'S. These were the only letters he could form, and the ink was kept for this purpose.

He now laid down the pen, and went to Grace's room; thence he returned with the child's shift which he had found that morning on her bed. Upon it he wrote those two letters, and calling Rory, desired him to take it to the magistrate at O——, whom he designated by his name. Rory pretended not to hear. He was sitting with his head on his knees, clinging to Grace's petticoat. The figure of his other son caught O'Shane's eye, and he repeated the message to him. Richard O'Shane received it in silence, and quitted the cabin.—Twenty minutes or more might have elapsed after his departure, undisturbed except by the noise of the old man's nailed shoes, as with stern looks and folded arms he paced up and down the room, or perhaps also to Rory's light breathed sighs, when, lifting up his head, he cast a furtive glance around him, and again dropped it between his hands.

The attitude of Grace was still unchanged. She stood fixed like a statue to the spot—her features as rigid as her limbs—her respiration scarcely perceptible.

Once when the boy looked up, he perceived that his father had sunk into a chair, with his head thrown back and his eyes closed. There was in his face an expression of pitiable wretchedness, which he in vain endeavored to conceal under the appearance of a just resentment.

Softly gliding from his place, Rory approached and took the poor man's hand. Then encouraged by the passive gentleness with which it was yielded, the boy endeavored by caresses to draw O'Shane into conversation, but met with no success in these attempts. He asked if his father was ill, and received only a silent pressure of the hand.

'Father,' he said gently, 'we'll miss Grace very much if she's away.'

O'Shane opened his eyes, and looked angrily at him.

But the boy, undismaymed, went on. 'What will you do, when there's no victuals ready, and you hungry and weary?—when you're cold and wet, and there's no fire? Not a soul,' he still continued, unwarned by the threatening looks that he encountered; 'not a soul to dry your clothes, and to mend 'em when they're fallin' off your back—and to put your bed ready—and to keep the house free from sperrits and bad luck!—and to make your heart aisy!'

A deep and fearful oath interrupted Rory.

'Have done!—have done!' cried Grace, as if starting from a trance. 'Sure he's ower glad to be quit of one, who when she lave his doors shall never throuble him again.'

'Oh, Father!—oh, Grace!—what'll we do now?' sobbed Rory. "Oh, bad luck to us!—oh, marciful goodness!'—and while he was wringing his hands, and uttering every ejaculation of sorrow that presented itself to his excited mind, the door was thrown open by Richard who ushered in two constables.

'This is your prisoner, O'Shane said, sullenly indicating his daughter. The men regarded the unfortunate girl with surprise. 'She's your prisoner!' repeated the father more violently, and he turned away.—The officers of justice laid hold of Grace, who suffered herself to be conducted to the door. Rory flung himself at his sister's feet; twining his arms around her knees, he wept convulsively. The men were obliged forcibly to remove him; but they were struck with pity at this unusual scene. One of them asked Grace if she had nothing to say, adding, they were in no hurry.

The young girl, who without murmur or hesitation had submitted to the authority of the law, on being thus addressed turned for an instant round. She lifted her large and piercing eyes to the spot where O'Shane still remained. An indescribable expression hovered over her face, as she made a farewell gesture with her hand upon her lips.

'Father, your daughter says, 'Good bye!'

'You are no daughter of O'Shane's!' he cried. 'God help me!'—added the old man with frenzy, 'am I O'Shane myself?'

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The extraordinary manner in which this criminal had been convicted of child-stealing—the youth and ignorance of the poor creature, and the fact that through her confessions the lost infant was traced and restored to its family, created a supposition that her case would be considered with indulgence.

Whether, however, from the dubious light in which the morals of this family were viewed, or the fear of such a crimes recurrence, or the impossibility of treating it with greater lenity, the daughter of O'Shane was sentenced to transportation for seven years.

On the day of this decision the rest of the family removed from the country, and it has never been known what became of them.

Those who saw the unfortunate O'Shane previously to his departure remarked in him so great a change, that they [illegible] daughter's sentence.

THE CRUISE OF THE SPARKLER.

By the author of 'The Mutiny,' 'My First and Last Flogging,' &c.

It was upon a bright morning in July, 1814, that the American privateer schooner Sparkler, which had been becalmed for eight-and-forty hours, about sixty miles outside the Bermudas, at last caught the breeze from the north-west and made all sail for the south'ard and east'ard.

She was of that class of vessels designated in nautical parlance, 'Baltimore clippers;' and it needed but one glance at her symmetrical figure to perceive that she was well worthy of her name. About two hundred tons in burthen, long, low, and sharp, she was yet of great breadth of beam; while her beautiful tapering masts seemed almost to reach the sky.

Upon her snow-white decks, which were without spring or rise, were mounted sixteen long brass twelve-pounders, eight of a side; not run out of the ports, as in a man-of-war, but slewed fore and aft; while her ports were closed, and her hull painted so exactly like that of a merchantment, in various colors, that it required a sharp eye and near observation to discover that she was other than she seemed, a peaceful merchant vessel from Fells Point, bound to the Spanish Main.

In addition to her batteries, she mounted amidships, upon a traversing carriage, a long brass forty-two pounder, while her cutlass racks, arm chests, and boarding-pikes, the last lashed to the booms, showed that she was also well prepared for close-quarters, and to finish by boarding the work cut out by the great guns. She was withal well manned. Of her crew of one hundred and eighty men, the greater part were now upon deck, having just finished making sail; and in their dark faces and muscular forms, as they carelessly lounged about, might be read the proof that these trusts were bestowed worthily, upon men who would fight to the death in defence of their striped and spangled bunting.

The captain of the privateer, dressed with some pretentions to nicety, but wearing a common tarpaulin, had been walking fore-and-aft along the starboard-quarter-deck for half an hour, in silence, carelessly swinging the spy-glass, with which, ever and anon, he swept the horizon; he now paused in his promenade, and addressed the first mate.

'Mr. Townsend, I don't like these Irish hurricanes. Here we are eight days from Hampton Roads, and only just clear of Bermuda. We must make more easting soon, or we shall lose the outward bound West Indiamen, and be compelled to trust to chance customers.'

'Very true, Captain Benson,' replied the first mate, who was at this moment standing on a gun, and leaning against the [illegible]

'Where away?' hailed Benson, while all hands sprung up at the announcement.

'Right ahead, sir!' was the reply.

This news spread life throughout the vessel, and all hands being instantly mustered, ring-tails and bonnets were rigged, sail increased as much as possible, and our schooner wing-and-wing, continued her course, bearing down for the stranger; while her crew, delighted at the prospect of something *professional*, were speculating as to the value of the chase and the consequent amount of prize money.

In half an hour Benson hailed the look-out; 'Mast head, there! what do you make her out to be!'

'A large ship, sir,' replied the look-out; 'her starboard-tacks boarded, standing south-west.'

'Keep her more to the south'ard, Mr. Townsend,' said Captain Benson, on receipt of this information; 'we'll cut her off.'

'She's a stout lump of a ship sir,' replied the mate as he obeyed the order; 'she may be a man-of-war.'

'Very good, we have the weather-gage,' answered Benson, as he went forward to take another look.

In an hour's time the stranger was plainly to be seen. She was evidently a large ship, and from her build and appearance looked much like a man-of-war. This seemed more fully apparent a short time after: for the chase, which had till now appeared unconscious of the presence of the privateer, suddenly hauled her wind and made all sail towards her, while the rapidity with which her course was changed, and her canvass crowded, seemed proof-positive that she was a man-of-war.

This manœuvre produced some surprise on board the Sparkler.

'A Scotch prize, Captain Benson!' observed the first mate as he handed him the glass.

'Perhaps so,' replied Captain Benson composedly; 'clear away long Tom there, and double shot both batteries; we will soon see what she is.'

It was now about noon, and the vessels being on opposite courses, had approached within five miles of each other, and this distance was rapidly diminishing.

'The chase is now within range, Sir,' reported Townsend.

'Very good, sir. Let drive at him with long Tom, and send [illegible] the gridiron at the fore,' replied Benson.

The flag of the United States waved in the breeze, and the forty-two spoke [illegible] thunder the moment the order was given.

This was a touch of his quality, which [illegible] had not expected at the hands of the privateer, [illegible] smoke cleared up, showed her bearing off before the wind, crowding all sail.

'So much for your man-of-war, Mr. Townsend,' said Benson, pointing out this change of course; 'she is pulling a heel, and goes off before the wind because that is the worst point in a schooner's sailing. Run out the batteries, load long Tom, and open the magazine. We will try this fellow a little any how.'

Meanwhile on board the English West Indiaman, (for such was the stranger,) all was confusion and dismay. Her commander had from the first suspected that the schooner was an American privateer, but had adopted the bold course of standing towards her in chase, to give the impression that he was a man-of-war, well knowing that it was in vain to hope to escape by superior sailing from a Baltimore clipper. The report of the Sparkler's long forty-two, however, and the sight of the shot, which struck the water just ahead of him, had dispelled all his hope of frightening her; and now, as a last resource, he put his helm up, and bore away to the South-east, hoping to leave his pursuers astern until some other ship might heave in sight to save him.

This was certainly his wisest course, and his vessel being a fast sailer, and under a press of canvass, made rapid headway. She was the largest class of English West Indiamen, about twelve hundred tons in burthen, and was now from Plymouth, bound to Kingston, Jamaica, with a very valuable cargo, and a number of passengers; and, to defend the whole carried sixteen twelve pounders and a crew of forty men.

'Clear away those guns, my lads, and open the magazine,' said the commander of the Indiaman, who, though he wished to escape, yet had a stomach for dry knocks; 'I wish we had a forty-two-pounder, for then we'd fight the Yankees on better terms.'

'I hope, Captain St John,' said a passenger, who at this moment came up the companionway, 'I hope, Sir, you do not intend to fight the American.'

'Certainly I do, Mr. Tompkins,' replied St. John; he shall not take all our cargo, and the ship into the bargain, without fighting for it, I promise you. Why, our cargo alone is worth fifty thousand pounds sterling! Jonathan shall not make this fortune this time if I can prevent him.'

'But, sir,' continued Tompkins, anxiously, 'consider the ladies passengers. I beg you, sir, to surrender to the American, and perhaps he will treat us well; while if you fight him, he will be enraged, and ——'

'Kill all our males, and carry our women and children into captivity beyond Babylon, as the Scripture has it,' interrupted St. John, hastily—'Consider the devil! All that the ladies have to do, is to stay below and be quiet; and you, doubtless will fight to the last in defence of your wife and daughter; so there's another hand to work our guns. I mean he shall treat us well, and as for his rage, why we'll get angry too. Come, Mr. Tompkins, there's a musket for you.'

'I shan't touch it, sir,' said Mr. Tompkins, 'it's against my principles to fight, and I will bring the matter before the passengers to see if they will permit you to throw away their lives in this manner;' and so saying, he went hastily below.

'Good pluck, that,' said St. John, laughing at the bravery of his live freight; 'however, perhaps——'

Whizz-z came a forty-two-pound shot from the long Tom of the privateer, which interrupted his soliloquy, and passed through his main-royal; and shortly after, another walked through the bunt of all three top-sails; and a moment after a third struck his starboard quarter, knocking the splinters about in every direction, while the ladies below screamed at the top of their lungs to mend the matter.

'Now, my lads,' said St. John, quietly addressing his crew, 'send up our ensign at the peak, and stand by to shorten sail.'

Continuing his course for a moment that the privateer might distinctly see his colors, he then put down his helm, hauled close upon the wind, and stood towards her, justly considering it folly to attempt farther escape while every shot raked him fore and aft. That he might go into action in true man-of-war fashion, St. John next ordered to take in the royals, fore and mizen top-gallant sails, and flying-jib; hauled up the courses, and [illegible] to beat off the privateer if possible, and, in any event, to send some of the Jonathans to Davy's locker.

This change in the Englishman's course produced a corresponding one in the privateer's. He shortened sail, and perceiving that the Indiaman intended to show fight, continued to blaze away with his long forty-two, directing his shots solely to her decks, not wishing either to carry away her spars, or hit her between wind and water; and, thoroughly understanding gunnery, his round shot coursed along the decks and cabins of the Indiaman with terrible precision, causing some fright and some positive injury to her timid passengers.

They were, however soon huddled up in the run in security, not one caring to fight for his dinner: St John having coolly told them that they would certainly be captured by the privateer, but that he was determined to have the satisfaction of peppering the Yankees somewhat, any how.

This, however, was not so safe an undertaking; for, as the privateer rapidly neared them, grape shot were added to round, in her forty-two, which scattered around with their wonted fatal and appalling effect, while the round shot continued to perform his usual careful and scientific manner; tearing up the decks, dashing in the bulwarks, and knocking those terrible missiles, the splinters, among the crew; while the crowds of armed men, now distinctly seen clustering about the decks of the privateer, showed full plainly that she was amply prepared for the combat hand to hand.

As one after another of the Indiaman's crew were cut down by one or the other of these destructives, the remainder, instead of being cowed, were, with true bull dog spirit, only the more exasperated, working ship with great speed and undaunted bravery; and when the privateer began to open upon them with his larboard battery, they immediately returned the same in coin very spiritedly; and the long forty-two of the American being now neglected for the moment, the combat became more equal, each vessel working eight twelve-pounders of a side.

The commander of the privateer was much surprised at meeting such determined resistance were he had expected abject submission; and as the vessels neared, soon became aware, from the destructive effect of the English fire upon his crowded decks, that he must put an end to the present game immediately and trust to boarding for success. He accordingly changed his course so as to pass across the bows of the Indiaman, intending to rake him thoroughly and then board him; but St John, who was now in his element, loudly cheering his men, and fighting most determinedly, was fully aware of his intention; and falling off before the wind also, he let drive his whole starboard battery down upon the decks of the American and among his rigging, carrying away her fore-gaff, and the throat and peak [illegible] schooner, which swept along his decks in thunder and flame, he instantly hauled again upon the wind: so that, disabled as was the privateer, she lay right in his course, and was apparently doomed to be run down by the immense hull of the Indiaman.

This seemingly inevitable result was prevented, and the whole aspect of the combat changed by one of those small events which have so often turned the tide of battle.

At the moment of receiving the Indiaman's broadside, there were two men at the privateer's wheel; the one at the lee-wheel was instantly killed by a grape shot, while the other, who escaped unhurt, in his endeavor to free the wheel from the grasp of the dying man, forgetting that the helm was a spoke or two a-lee, put it hard up. The schooner still had headway upon her; and the wind, acting upon her disabled sails, suddenly brought her head around to port, so that she being a point upon the Indiaman's starboard-bow, her jib boom just swept clear of the ship's cutwater, and in an instant she was lying along her weather-side, afoul.

'Boarders, away!' shouted Benson, perceiving his advantage; and, despite a volley of musketry, which laid low a dozen of his best men and wounded more, he was instantly upon the Indiaman's deck, backed by a hundred men. The combat now was brief, and the English captain being struck down, his men perceived farther resistance useless, and hauling down their colors, surrendered; having thus far kept at bay a most overwhelming force, with a determination and effect which proved them worthy representatives of the English name.

Quarters being given to all, the wounded were handed over to the surgeon of the privateer, and the remainder of the Indiaman's crew were sent on board of the schooner. The Americans then set about securing their prize and repairing damages; and before twilight had darkened into night, both vessels were close hauled upon the wind, still from the north-west, standing in for the American coast.

The injury to both vessels was principally in the upper works, spars and rigging, neither having received any material shot between wind and water; so that neither sprung any alarming leak, and what few took place were soon plugged; and so, continuing the repairs of masts, sails, &c., the Indiaman having a stout prize crew, they kept on their course for the land.

The passengers of the Indiaman were treated with the utmost respect, their cabin being left entirely for their use. They were also requested to point their [illegible] property, which would not in any event [illegible] them that they should [illegible] Captain Benson having farther assured [illegible] ble, they finally came to the conclusion [illegible] a very polite fellow, and their lot far from forlorn.

About midnight the weather having become very thick, it fell a dead calm, and so continued until morning.

Now it so happened that an English sloop-of-war of twenty-four guns, though out of sight, had heard the cannonading of the day previous, and from the heavy reports of a single gun at intervals of a minute, became convinced that the gun in question was the long Tom of a Yankee privateer. Acting upon this belief, she had so shaped her course that she would probably be nearly up with the privateer at daybreak; rightly judging, that upon making the capture, the American would steer for the United States' coast. In the darkness she had approached the privateer though neither party was sensible of this proximity, and being also becalmed, had laid all night within six miles of her.

As the day broke, the wind sprung up from the north east, and the privateer had just hauled upon it in company with her prize, when the look-out aloft reported a sail—and sure enough, in plain sight to the south-east, was an English sloop-of-war crowding every thing in chase.

Surprised Benson doubtless was; but with his usual promptitude his plan of operations was instantly laid, and running the schooner close under the lee of the Indiaman, a line was thrown aboard of her, by means of which three more were passed.

'Now, Mr. Townsend,' said Benson, 'lower away the stern and quarter boats; lay them alongside and fill them with men. You will go with them on board the Indiaman and make all sail, for in this chase her prize crew will not be sufficient to work her rapidly; and when you have done that, open her hatches, rig whips and top-burtons, toss her boats overboard, and get the most valuable of her 'tween-decks' cargo on deck with all speed. Further orders I will transmit by signal or otherwise.'

These commands were soon obeyed, and the boats

were sent twice full stowed, both vessels being at the time under rapid head-way. Then a hundred of the privateersmen were on board the ship very shortly, while the boats were hauled back empty to the schooner, and run up at the davits as before.

Thus well-manned, the Indiaman was instantly under a cloud of canvass, and all her damages being repaired, she proved a crack sailer, and about equal on the wind, (her course being north-north-west) to the sloop-of-war. The privateer on this, shortened sail to keep abreast of her prize, and all three bowled merrily onward.

'There goes your launch, neighbor,' said Benson to St John, who was walking with him the quarter-deck of the schooner as the ship's long boat was tossed over the side according to orders, while the stern and quarter-boats followed suit in their small way, thus making quite a fleet adrift, all officers and no seamen, like a French man-of-war. 'I hope they will have a pleasant cruise; perhaps the sloop-of-war may pick them up to prevent so shameful a waste of good stuff. That reminds me, by-the-by, she may be within range,—here haul that forty-two aft some of you, we'll try Mr. Bull at long-bowls.'

The long Tom was accordingly hauled aft, elevated, and let drive; but the distance proved greater than Benson had imagined, for although the shot actually hit the sloop-of-war, it was too nearly spent to do much injury.

This Mr. Bull determined to repay in coin, but having nothing heavier than a twenty-four pounder, was obliged to elevate it so much that the shot fell wide of the mark astern. It showed, however, that the privateer might be hit by a chance shot, and Benson, determined to avoid the possibility, however remote, of being crippled in this manner, changed his position so as to bring the Indiaman between himself and the sloop-of-war; and that they might be fully aware what his prize was, he ordered to send up at her peak the English ensign, under the stars and stripes; and at her mast-heads, her private signal and all the holiday bunting usually sported by English West Indiamen.

By thus placing the Indiaman between himself and his pursuers, where she was more likely to be hit than the schooner, Benson hoped to escape harm through the natural unwillingness of the sloop-of-war to fire upon her own flag.

This was a true Yankee trick, and was, for a time, for the foregoing reason, successful; the sloop-of-war contenting herself with crowding all sail in chase, seldom replying to the shot, which, one after another, with most provoking pertinacity and skill, were pitched always in her vicinity, and frequently plump into her, from the privateer's long forty-two, hoping thereby (herself a prime sailer,) to rescue the Indiaman in good order, and compel the privateer either to take to his heels alone, or be sent to the bottom for his covetousness, when she should come down upon him with her reserved fire.

Now all this was very fine; but the sloop-of-war, though one of the crackest sailers in his Majesty's navy when going large, (before the wind,) was not so excellent when close-hauled, and was destitute of the true independent Yankee way of putting the wind's eye out with her flying jib-boom-end when on a bowline; accordingly, at this sentimental game she did not make much.

'Captain Benson,' said St John, as the privateer took up her position as before stated, and was firing at her pursuer as fast as her long Tom could be served, 'you would soon escape the sloop-of-war by making sail on the schooner, and leaving my ship to take her chance.'

'You don't say so, shipmate?' replied Benson, with a knowing wink and the true Yankee drawl. 'Do tell! I don't do that are, sir, by a —— sight.'

'Sail ho!' hailed the look-out aloft.

'Where away?' replied Benson quickly.

'To windward, sir,' answered the look-out; 'and in plain sight on the weather-bow, distant not more than eight miles, was a large ship, bearing down, which, in the bustle of the chase, had escaped observation.

'An English frigate, by the Lord!' shouted St. John, jumping on a gun. 'Now, Captain Benson, what do you say? shall I take command in the name of his Britanic Majesty, God bless him; or will you flog both the sloop and the frigate?'

'Spin that yarn to marines, my fine fellow,' replied Benson, quietly, as he removed the glass from his eye. 'There's nothing English about that craft if I can read oakum.'

'I'll bet you a dinner of stewed cat harpen-legs and a tuck-out of grog on that, brother Jonathan,' continued St. John jeeringly; 'but what is she then?'

'She is neither American, English, or French,' replied Benson, 'and that is all I care for. If she was one of Uncle Sam's forty-four gunners, they would be coming in for a share of the prize money, and I don't want any of their assistance; so I am satisfied as it is. Keep up your fire, my lads. Straight as you go, quartermaster.'

The sloop-of-war seemed to have been aware of the presence of the frigate before, for she continued her chase, occasionally firing a gun apparently aimed at the rigging of the Indiaman; and although the frigate was meanwhile rapidly approaching, seemed to think that she, at least, had nothing to fear.

For half an hour such was the state of affairs on all sides, and this time amply sufficed to bring the frigate within half-a-mile of the privateer on her weather-beam, heading as if to pass between her and the sloop-of-war.

Benson now sent up the American flag at the fore, and at the same instant a broad banner blew out clear at the fore-sky sail mast-head of the frigate, disclosing amid its rustling folds the armorial bearings of the battle ensign of the Danish crown; while far astern, at the mast-head of the sloop-of-war, glancing in the sunbeams, waved the meteor-flag of England. Firing one gun across the privateer's bows, and another across the sloop-of-war's, the frigate continued her course a moment longer, and then hove-to immediately between them, sending up a white flag at her main.

'The English of that, Captain St John,' said Benson, smiling, 'is heave-to, send a boat on board, and knock off firing, because I am between you, so belay all with that forty-two, and take a severe turn round the hencoop.'

He then made signal for the Indiaman to heave-to, and when she had done so, shortened sail on the schooner, and laid her right along side of his prize, under her lee.

'Now Mr. Townsend,' said Benson, as his boat was lowered and manned, 'you will turn-to all hands, and toss that cargo on board of us as if the devil was after you, while I board the frigate. How's this?' he continued, pausing at the gangway, 'the sloop-of-war has not hove to.'

Such was the fact. The sloop-of-war being some three or four miles from the frigate, continued her course without minding the summons of the Dane, and this disobedience of her orders was apparently not observed on board the frigate.

'That's a good one, Johnny War,' shouted St. John, clapping his hands: 'you perceive, Captain Benson, that my countryman yonder does not care a straw for the frigate's orders. She is a neutral, and has no business to interfere.'

The Dane, however, was not idle, and waiting quietly until the sloop-of-war was within half-mile, the first she then fired two guns, its of the water just ahead of the Englishman's, while the second whistled between his main and mizen masts.

That decided the point: the sloop instantly backed her main-top-sail, while her captain, jumping into his boat pulled for the frigate, cheek-full of wrath at this interruption of his pastime.

'A race, my lads!' said Benson, who jumped into his boat at this moment also; 'she's as near the frigate as we are, give way!'

Now the etiquette of men-of-war pronounces it most honorable to board at the starboard gangway, which, as the Dane lay hove-to, was the side towards the privateer, and when her boat was within a few lengths of the ladder, the boat of the sloop-of-war came under the frigate's stern, making for the same gang way, it being, of course, beneath the Englishman's dignity to go on board at the other.

Benson, who was as full of fun as his opponent was of wrath, no sooner became aware of this fact, than he steered directly for the bow of the other boat, and his own being a sharp whale boat, he ran her right aboard with such force and good will, that all the English oarsman 'caught crabs,' while their commander, who was standing at the moment, was nearly thrown overboard by the concussion.

'Old England forever! Rule Britannia!' shouted Benson, as he shoved in at the ladder; 'hope you are not drownded, my lord. I say, my lord, I guess that 'are was as solid as one of my forty-two's love taps. What's your opinion, my lord? If a fellow was to serve me such a sweetner as that, my lord, d—n my bloody eyes, my lord, if I wouldn't be into his pork-barrel about east, my lord. I say, Mr. Bull,' continued Benson, as he deliberately mounted the ladder, 'wouldn't have you expect I meant to do that 'are; Oh! no, my lord, it was all an accident done a-purpose. Come aboard, my lord; after me is manners.'

The Englishman, out of all patience, threw a stretcher at Benson's head, and following, as he could not, since he would not lead, dashed upon deck, boiling over with wrath; while, to add to his vexation, the officers and seamen standing around, though ignorant of English, were laughing heartily at the practical wit of the Yankee.

Once upon the quarter deck, Benson altered his tone, and uncovering and bowing politely to the Danish captain, he addressed him in French, informing him who and what he was, and whence bound, thus giving his version of the story, while the Englishman stood by, awaiting his turn.

At length he also, in obedience to the commands of the Dane, gave his name and that of his vessel, Captain Stanley, of H. B. M. sloop of war I——, and bitterly complained of the interference of a neutral power with his chase of a privateer; and having warmed with his subject, he categorically demanded the name of the vessel and her commander who had dared to heave-to an English man-of-war; and wound up with the declaration, that unless he was allowed instantly to open his fire upon the American, he would report the Dane to the Lords of the Admiralty, and through them to the King of Denmark.

'All this is very good, sir,' replied the captain of the frigate, not in the least ruffled by the furious tone of the Englishman; 'you are on board his Danish Majesty's frigate Dannebrog, which I, the Baron Augustus Von Hovenburg, have the honor to command; but now that I have ascertained what you both are, you must allow Captain Benson as much time as will place him as far ahead of you as he was when I first ordered him to heave to.'

'D———d if I do, that's all,' growled Captain Stanley.

'But you shall, sir,' replied the Baron, secretly wishing to favor the American, though this proposition was only justice. 'And, moreover, I shall allow no fighting between you while my ship is in presence.'

'Which course does your Lordship intend to steer?' asked Benson very innocently, winking at the Englishman.

'Towards the American coast, sir, replied Baron, understanding him at once.

'That's just my course, my lord,' continued Benson demurely; 'and I'll keep under your Lordship's lee.'

'I'll be d——d if you shall, sir, broke in Captain Stanley, whose patience was fast vanishing before the gibes of the Yankee.

'Don't know how you'll prevent me, sir,' replied Benson very composedly, shutting his starboard eye and squinting horribly with the other.

'Quietly, gentlemen, quietly,' said the Dane gravely; 'just step into my cabin and take dinner with me, we'll talk this matter over. No refusal, gentlemen, come along.'

Captain Stanley, though wishing the Dane at the devil, could not refuse; while Benson, enjoying the fun, gladly accepted the invitation, and all descending to the cabin, sat down to dinner.

'Now then, gentlemen, said the Baron, as he adjusted his napkin in the most scientific manner, and made the other requisite preparations for taking his allowance aboard, 'nothing so much injures digestion as violent talking, therefore we'll eat our dinner in peace, and discuss this matter over our wine. Captain Stanley, allow me to give you a bit of his Majesty's junk;' and during dinner he talked over the news; the best method of ascertaining longitude by D. R., an improvement he had made in the log; and narrated some well-twisted yarns.

With all this display Benson was much pleased, as he knew it would give time for his man to get out the Indiaman's cargo, and accordingly swallowed the Baron's stories, and laughed so heartily at his jokes, that he made quite a lodgment in the Danels good opinion;—while Stanley, too angry to eat or talk, answered only when addressed, and then only in monosyllables.

'Well, gentlemen,' said the Baron, as he finished relating an out-and-outer, and passed the bottle for the twelfth time, 'we will now arrange this matter. When I hove-to the schooner, she was four miles from the sloop-of-war; it is, of course, fair that she should now have the same advantage. You, Captain Stanley, will therefore remain hove-to until Captain Benson has made this head-way; and then you can continue your chase. But, Captain Benson, I cannot allow either you or your prize to keep under my lee, for I should by so doing violate my neutrality; and although I shall keep within sight of you, it will be only to see the result of the game, as I shall not interfere in any way.'

'If you please, my lord,' said Benson, a comical idea entering his cranium at this moment, 'thirty minutes' truce from the time I reach my vessel will suit me as well as four miles headway. In that time I shall return the Indiaman's crew and passengers on board of her, and we will then escape by running, or fighting, as it may happen.'

'That is very fair, sir,' replied the Dane; 'and with that, Captain Stanley, I think you will be satisfied. At the end of the thirty minutes' truce I shall fill away, and leave you to fight your own battles, and at that we will consider it settled.' So saying, he returned upon deck followed by the rivals.

Captain Stanley, though little pleased with this decision, felt that it was useless to remonstrate, and sullenly mounted the gangway to descend into his boat, when, on glancing at the privateer, a sight greeted his eyes which made him pause and give vent to several vigorous anathemas.

Now it so chanced that the privateer's men having nearly cleared the Indiaman of the most valuable part of her cargo, were at this moment tossing the cases of silk and chests of tea in a perfect shower over her gunwale upon the deck of the schooner; while the multitude of cases, boxes, etc. which lay about the American's deck, showed plainly that Jonathan had well improved his time

This was too much for Captain Stanley's nerves, and jumping back upon deck, he angrily demanded of the Danish Baron that Benson should be compelled to restore the cargo of the Indiaman.

'That, sir,' replied the Baron, suppressing a laugh with difficulty, 'is none of my business, and no part of Captain Benson's agreement. He agreed to leave the ship to take her chance, but said nothing about the cargo:—you must help that as you can. And farthermore, sir,' he added sternly, 'if you offer to brace up until I do, which I shall do as soon as the thirty minuies have expired, I shall consider it a personal insult, and shall open my fire upon you immediately. So, adieu, gentlemen; it is seldom that I meet such pleasant society at sea, and I shall always remember you.'

Politely taking leave of the Baron, Benson returned to his boat, when the bloody faces of both boat's crews showed that they had been enjoying a little quiet fight among themselves.

'How's this, my lads,' said he in a loud tone that Stanley might hear him, as he shoved off to let his boat draw up; 'you did wrong to flog those gentlemen rope-haulers; you should have doused your peak to them. I say, Captain Stanley,' he added, as the latter came into his boat, 'don't you think it would be a good plan for us to club together and take this frigate? I believe we could lick her, and then we would have our own fight good-naturedly, eh?'

The Englishman, however, was in no humor for jesting, and vouchsafed no reply, so each returned to his vessel.

'We have taken out all the schooner will stow of the Indiaman's cargo, sir,' reported Townsend, as Benson came on board.

'Very good, sir,' replied Benson; 'muster all hands aft here.'

Few words sufficed to explain his plan, and it was as rapidly put into execution. All the English prisoners, including Captain St. John, were put into the cabin of the Indiaman, and the companionway, sky-lights, deadlights, and hatches, locked fast and battened down. Next all her sheets, tacks, and halyards were stoppered and unrove; and her studding sails were then set on both sides, she being still hove-to and leaving the tacks standing, the sheets and halyards were also stopped and unrove; and everything being prepared, the remainder of the thirty minutes' truce was employed in starting overboard the balance of her cargo. When the Danish frigate braced up at the close of the truce, the India man was cast off from the privateer, her yards squared, and her helm lashed fast amidships and instantly gathering way, she was off like a shot before the wind, heading directly for the sloop-of-war.

The few Americans who yet remained on board of the Indiaman then jumped into their boat, were hauled back by the line, the boat was run up at the davits, and the schooner filling away, stood north-north-west;—thus keeping her prize between herself and the sloop.

The Indiaman, meanwhile, bore rapidly down for the man-of war, and the latter was so nearly in her course that Stanley found great difficulty in getting out of the way in time, for had the Indiaman yawed two points she would have run him slap aboard; which concussion, as it would probably have sent both to the bottom, was not exactly a 'consummation devoutly to be wished.' By this time, also, Stanley perceived that there were no persons on the Indiamans deck; and the nature of Benson's trick dawning upon him, he became aware that it was not so easy to take possession of the Indiaman, she having, of course, a singular degree of independence in her motions; and before his operations was arranged, she had whizzed past him, and was off to the South-west at twelve knots an hour.

This was decidedly provoking, and Stanley was obliged at once to give up all hopes of capturing the privateer, which had now gained good start to windward, and make all sail in chase of the Indiaman, for to leave her in her present condition would have been outright murder to all on board. Accordingly, with many heartfelt execrations at the Yankee's trick he bore away in chase, while to add to his vexation, the privateer perceiving his change of course, instantly put up her helm also, and despatching a forty-two pound shot to inform of that fact, gave him chase, taking care to avoid the range of his stern chasers, so that it looked altogether amusingly as he was running away from the schooner.

It was truly a laughable sight to see the sloop-of-war setting studding-sails alow and aloft, and cracking on every thing in chase of the Indiaman; for to fire upon her could do no manner of good, as it would very likely kill some of her crew; so that it was altogether quite a romantic chase, very much like running after eggs down hill; to put your foot upon them would stop them doubtless, but it would probably break them in the bargain.

Accordingly, the Danes and the Yankees cachinnated greatly at Stanley's pickle; and he, guessing their thoughts from his consciousness of the predicament he was in, mingled all manner of prayers for their future condition with the orders he gave, the which petitions, if granted, will materially affect the condition of the scamps aforesaid on the leeward side of the river Styx.

The Indiaman, meanwhile, seemed spitefully to sail like the devil, so that it was more than an hour before the sloop was abreast of her, the privateer still giving chase to both. Having overtaken her, it was next necessary to board her, and this too was by no means so easy. Two large ships under full headway would rasp one another finely if laid alongside, while to send a boat was useless, as it would drop astern very shortly; so here was another peck of troubles.

Captain Stanley at length perceiving that nothing else would do, ran within a hundred feet of the Indiaman, and loading his starboard battery with chain-shot, let it drive among her rigging. Here, however, he got more than he bargained for. Intending to shoot away the braces, the shrouds and stays followed; and the wheel being also demolished, the Indiaman yawed suddenly, and in an instant was lying along his starboard-side afoul. The consequent rasp was highly emphatic, and, in consequence, down thundering the masts and yards of the Indiaman, the greater part upon the decks of the sloop-of-war; so that Stanley was, on the whole, quite decently peppered; while, to crown all, the farewell forty-pound, shot from the privateer, as she hauled upon the wind for the coast, came crashing through his taffrail.—*American Monthly Magazine.*

[From the Universalist.]

WOMAN.

BY WILLIAM COMSTOCK.

In the history of past ages, Woman maintains a conspicuous place. Although she does not dazzle the imagination as the prime mover of great revolutions, the leader of armies, or the founder of new systems in philosophy, yet her influence may be traced in many of the benign and salutary movements of the communities in which her lot has been cast. It is too frequently the case, that where her exertions have been abundantly blessed for the welfare of the human family, both temporal and spiritual—the retiring modesty natural to her sex has veiled the source from which so much good has flowed, and some noisy and unprofitable declaimer of the stronger sex, has taken advantage of the circumstance to thrust himself forward, and bear away the praise of deeds in which he had no other agency but to check their progress by his ill-timed interference and bustling officiousness—even as the perilous passage from the East River to Long Island Sound is more noted from its whirlpools and rocks, than the smoother stream on which the wary pilot guides his bark in safety, and which but for the hidden rocks which create eddies and tumults on either side of the channel, would require no pilot at all. If we read of many great men, we also read of their vices and their weaknesses. Ambition may have induced some to tower above their fellows, and to perform many praiseworthy actions—but it is to woman that we are to look for that self devotion, that disinterested regard for personal emolument, that sacrifice of every selfish feeling, which harmonize with our ideas of pure and undefiled philanthropy. Concerning the literary achievements of the sex, I am not about to speak. That they have shone in constellations—that they have cast a brilliant and glorious lustre upon the great commonwealth of mind, none will be hardy enough to deny. But these things are of secondary importance when compared with the moral greatness—the high and heaven descended qualities of the heart, which have so often made her appear like the guardian angel of virtue below, the fountain of health at which the diseased mind of man may drink and be restored to soundness. The powerful influence which woman must necessarily exert over the infant mind, when it is ready to receive impressions which time can hardly erase, renders it of the highest importance that she should be constituted differently from man; and heaven in mercy to our race has so ordered it that her affections are purer, her heart is kinder, and her sense of all that is [illegible] acute and more discerning than they are to be found in our own sex. How many contentions, how many ruinous consequences, has the persuasive eloquence of woman prevented. Weak in frame, timid in danger, and meek as the dove, how often has she gone forth amidst the boisterous and jarring elements of worldly strife, armed with nothing but the power of her own tenderness and love, and turned aside the spear of the hostile foe, softened the heart of stone, and said unto the fierce and foaming billows of wrath, 'Peace, be still!' Even in France, where duelling was so rife in the days of Napoleon, many mortal contests were prevented by women who had no superior claims to piety or strict moral feelings. It is said that women admire courage—it is no less true that they have prevented many duellists from putting their courage to the proof; and this is not a matter of easy accomplishment. With that peculiar tact and ingenuity which women exhibit in conversation, they have often succeeded in averting fatal consequences. By making some witty sally, or dexterously changing the discourse at a moment when a fiery member of the grand army was on the point of taking moral offence at another, the ladies of France have prevented many challenges. I mention this to show that even in that country where the gay and fashionable dames are not supposed to possess so much moral principle as they do in New England, woman exhibits the same benevolence of heart and untiring devotion to the cause of mercy. But how often is she commended for those characteristic traits? How often does she do the most generous actions, which, if achieved by a man, would have rendered him famous, while the unpretending hand which hath wrought so nobly is forgotten or wholly unnoticed. We are accustomed to see so many kind offices performed by woman, that we take but little notice of them. We expect them as if they were a thing of course, like a fair wind to a vessel at sea, or a timely shower, instead of being as they are, the spontaneous exertions of a noble heart! If it is the nature of woman to be thus kind and liberal, let her be estimated accordingly as a being of pure and elevated character.

One of the grandest attributes of the female character is that while man is often prone to admire and smile upon those who are prosperous, and to trample on the unfortunate, woman almost invariably exhibits more sympathy for the fallen and the afflicted than for the rising and successful. When churlish Nabal contemned the outlawed and persecuted David, his wife threw open her doors for his reception. When the apostles fled from their Lord; when He who had been hailed with hosannas, had been sought and worshipped by multitudes, was deserted by his nearest friends—dressed in robes of mockery, and crowned with thorns—buffetted and spit upon—led to the ignominious cross, and jeered even by the thieves that writhed in agony on either side of him—then the women of his acquaintance followed him fearlessly to the very foot of the cross. They knelt there upon the bloody mountain, and wept for Him whom the multitude despised! Women were early at the sepulchre of the martyred and forsaken one, and consistent throughout—the sun to dissolve the mist of sorrow and the clouds of doubt and despair—a woman was the first to proclaim *a risen Savior!*

Madam De Stael, who was not remarkable for her feminine qualities, and who was bitterly opposed to Napoleon, evinced the innate generosity of the sex, after the fall of the ex-emperor—and when he was languishing on the ocean rock, the woman who had sought to injure his character in the days of his glory, was the friend of the unfortunate.

The swelling notes of fame, the dominion of the earth, and the pleasures of individual power seemed almost excluded from woman. But still she pursues her quiet way of usefulness. She has much to endure—but suffering does not harden her heart. She is the same mild, benificent being, rejoicing in the happiness of the ruder sex, and using her utmost exertions to alleviate their distress. She moves quietly about the bed of sickness through the live long night. Sleep is banbanished from her eyes, and she thinks not of repose, while 'pain and anguish wring the brow' of the sufferer. More like an angel than aught else our imagination can conceive, she seems to be sent into the world to bless and sooth the sterner sex with her ministries of love.

FLOGGING IN THE ARMY.—On one occasion when the Man of Destiny was discoursing with a British officer on the subject of flogging soldiers, the latter said that all those who entered the army were so low and vulgar that stripes were necessary to insure obedience. 'Precisely the reverse,' said the French Emperor, 'None but such men will enter a service, when they are subjected to so galling and degrading a discipline.'

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1836.

TO AUTHORS.

In the course of the last year the Publishers of the Galaxy offered sums as prizes for literary articles. The time fixed for their reception was the First of June of the present year, and the Publishers found to their regret that not a sufficient number had been received to authorise presenting them to a committee for judgment. Determined, however, to do all in our power to please our subscribers—determined to provide for the Galaxy the best literary articles which can be obtained, we resolved to INCREASE THE SUM FORMERLY PROPOSED, in order that it may be considered an object for writers to compete for the prizes, and that better productions may be the result; we, therefore, offer a prize of

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

for the best tale, TWENTY-FIVE for the second best, and TWENTY-FIVE for the best POEM.

The Manuscripts must be sent in post paid, to the publishers, before the First of October next, at which time they will be handed to a Committee for their decision.

We also propose to send the Galaxy free to unsuccessful authors, whose productions may be deemed worthy of publication. Boston, June 1, 1836.

THE ASSAULT ON MR. SEWALL.—As we anticipated, the mails of the past week have brought in remarks in many of the Southern newspapers, bearing upon the conduct of Lieut. Adams in regard to Mr Sewall. As we feared too, some of the Southern Journals, narrowing their views to personal feelings and local prejudices, have given warped, and in some instances, false representations of the circumstances of the assault, and then predicating opinions and conclusions on these unstable premises, have hurled the thunderbolts of their vengeance against the North, and accused the inhabitants thereof of a general league against the South, of a disposition to favor those who advocate principles in opposition to the policy of that section of our country, and of a will to encourage any thing which would tend to increase the ill feeling which exists.—Others have gone further—have hailed Adams as a noble champion—and hurled accusations against Boston Judges, Boston Laws, and Boston Lawyers; attributing base motives and partiality to all connected with the late decisions in the Slave cases. We feared some unpleasant remarks, as we have said—but we did not expect so unworthy a manifestation of excited passion.

We regret it most sincerely. The circumstances of the case admit of no palliation, and none but a prejudiced eye could view them in any other light. The assault was made from no feeling of personal injury, from no *expressed* desire to revenge any suffering of friends. But from Lieut. Adams's words we have reason to infer that he came as the champion of the South!

The Philadelphia Ledger says—

But dismissing the individuals, let us look at the principle here involved. A person claiming to act in behalf of the slave-holders, demands of an individual by what authority he meddles with the property of the south, and then makes an assault upon his person! According to this, the constitution and laws of a state are to be abolished, because any attempt to enforce them is *meddling with the property of the south!* According to this, a claim to any person as a slave is not to be contested, and the claimant not be required to establish his claim by legal proof, because such requirement would be *meddling with the property of the south!* If such doctrines are to prevail, what shall prevent any citizens of a slave state from claiming as a slave, any citizen of Pennsylvania, whenever he may be disposed to stock his plantation with northern recruits?

We can assure our southern brethren that their cause is not promoted by these proceedings.

This is true. It is not indeed, the way to advance the cause of the south. Do not the South misconceive us?—Do they not attribute to us local antipathies, and a mind filled with dislike and envy to the South? Their conduct would seem to testify to such an opinion. It is an unjustifiable,—a sad idea. Our actions and our views, seen thro' this distorted medium, are misjudged—and the line of division which now separate the North and South is made broader and more impassable by this phantom of the imagination.

Could these views be laid aside—could the North and South understand each other—could mutual plans for mutual advantage be freely and [illegible] given as much as is deserved,—it would be found, that these two sections of our country, although their habits, productions and climate are so different, could, by greater dependence on each other, go on rejoicing in confidence and kindness—reaping advantage from it—but such a consummation alas! seems far distant

We detest the jealousy, and mistaken local prejudices which which put the North and South in opposition to each other. We detest the demagogues who would make strangers of their inhabitants ay, even enemies,—and break the tie which binds them.

PARCHED CORN.—Indian corn may be eaten raw;—and no person need to starve to death who can get as many ears of the article as he can dispose of. Yet it has been discovered that corn, after it has been put into a skillet and subjected to the operation of fire is more palatable than when eaten in the raw state. Now it is argued by some philosophers, that the Indians of North America are in a natural state, and that they live according to the laws of Nature—therefore that Philosophy is against civilization. This is a question deserving of a longer notice than can be compressed into a newspaper article—but let us touch a little upon the main points in dispute, and see what we can make out of them. To return to parched corn—the article is in a state of nature when it is just plucked from the stalk, and unsheathed from the green husks. The ourang outang does not know enough to kindle a fire, and he would eat the corn raw—*ergo*, the ourang outang is in a state of nature, and the corn is in a state of nature. Therefore, the two will do to go together. But as the nature of man is different from that of a mere animal, he cannot be in a state of nature when he lives like a mere animal. Therefore he will prefer to parch his corn before he eats it. Let not, therefore, the man who likes parched corn better than the raw article, defend that condition of life which gives little or no exercise to the reason. We are not in a state of nature, when our inventive powers, our intellect, and our sympateies are depressed or deadened. It would be a state of nature for a monkey, but not for a man. Diogenes in his tub was not so much in a state of nature as an emperor in his palace; although the exercise of the mind, much research, and deep study may often require a greater disregard of the elegancie of life than would be excusable in a merchant or a thriving artisan. It is not the principal business of life to render the body extremely hard and robust. The human frame must perish at last, and persons of apparently slender constitutions have often lasted the longest. But it is our duty to build up, enlarge and fortify the mind—that part of humanity for which God and Nature have done the most; and when we neglect the cultivation of the arts and sciences, which lift the human creature from the dust and give him claims which his animal functions alone never asserted, we do indeed remain in a state of brutal nature, but not in that condition evidently designed for immortal, though fallen beings.

POWER.—Many a young, ambitious wight who envies the dazzling genius who has attained to great elevation among the sons of men, would shrink from the attempt to rise, were he sensible of the extreme humility, the debasing steps by which the man of power has reached the summit of his ambition. Dependent on the breath of the meanest rustic; obliged to conform to the prejudices of the weak and the ignorant; compelled to abjure all his long cherished partialities and to be new modelled and equipped in a shape and a garb which almost hides from him his own personal identity—he is crowned with thorns which pierce the brow that they honor. True happiness is only found in obscurity, where our own wishes only are consulted and we ask no man what we shall eat or what we shall drink, or what church we shall attend. Fame is a bauble that cheats those who have not time to think, and leads captive the poor soul that cannot exist alone.

Why is a young lady making a request to you, like the best paper in the Union? Ans. Because it is a *Gal-ax-ye.*

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.—A writer advises young married people not to make confidants of old housekeepers, as they are generally very glad to get information which may be circulated among their own class of news-loving gossips. The advice is very good—for there is nothing which sooner elicits the attention of great talkers than a newly-married couple. Those elderly women who have outlived the warmth of pure affection, or rather, whose hearts are hardened by interest, and in whose bosoms not a feeling exists that is not akin to selfishness, feel scandalized by the fervid sincerity and devotion of a newly married young lady. *Their* charms are things which have been, while *hers* are just opening to their fullest bloom. They consider not that they have had their day—but in lieu of stowing their minds with that wisdom which is becoming in age, and preparing for that final change that resistlessly approaches, they turn their dimmed eyes back upon the pleasant paths which they once trod, and are offended to see others walking in them. Unfit to die, and yet incapable of making any new conquests on Earth, they are restless until they can spoil the happiness of others, and infuse poison into the cup of bliss mingled for the innocent and unsophisticated.

Jason hired apartments in a large mansion which had been safely tenanted by its owner, an infirm old lady whose person was not only ugly, but absolutely disgusting. He led his Maria to the house, about a week after their marriage; and here they prepared to skim the cream which had been gathering on their parts during a courtship of seventeen mouths. The old landlady was 'so glad they had come—she fancied Maria the first time she saw her. The house was so large and she was tired of occupying it all alone.' Maria thought her one of the best old ladies she has ever saw. It is true she had small eyes that looks much like those of a serpent; and some of her actions were not calculated to give a dyspeptic an appetite; but she no doubt meant well, and old people must be forgiven. Several weeks had passed away pleasantly enough, when the motherly landlady began to question Maria about her husband's business. She frankly told all she knew; although the old lady continually interrupted her with—"Well, well—I do not insist upon knowing all that. It is none of my business—I dont concern myself about other's affairs—but you are sure that he intends establishing a factory on the privilege in M——."

"Oh yes, my dear madam—I *know* he does. I am perfectly willing that you should know it, for it's only between us, you know."

"Certainly, only between us," answered the other.

That afternoon the doctor visited the old lady, and she told him all she had heard. He visited one of his male patients the next day, and told him *in confidence.* So that before Jason had got ready to purchase the water privilege, the said patient, struck with the excellence of the site and its contingent advantages, began to lay the foundation of a splendid factory which, in a few years made his fortune.—Neither Jason nor Maria suspected what had occasioned the cruel disappointment until after their divorce—both events were then distinctly traced to the same cause.

ENTHUSIASM. It is sometimes the case that the most ingenius mechanics—men whose genius seems to be wholly mathematical, become the victims of fanaticism of the wildest and most unaccountable description. Matthias, the prophet, is said to be a good workman; John Edwards the deservedly celebrated scale beam maker of New York has been every thing by turns in the way of religion. He has visions and dreams wonderful things—all of which, he imagines, pertain to some mighty matters in which he is to act a conspicuous part. Pop Emmons and Seth Luther, both good workmen, are political enthusiasts. But the most singular instance of fanaticism with which we are at present acquainted, is that of an individual now living in Boylston, Mass. This man was once a Quaker, and is an ingenious maker of *scythe-snares.* He says that the old heavens have passed away, and that we are now in the world of spirits. He imagines himself to be the angel which John saw flying through the midst of Heaven. He talks of paying a visit to the Western country, where he expects to find 'ten young men, from all nations,' who will know him on the instant they see him. He wears his beard very long; his mustachios are smoothly combed down each side of his upper lip, and his whole appearance is singular and imposing. He is at present assiduously employed in converting a justice of the peace in B. whose house he visits frequently, where he dines, sups, and breakfasts gratis—thinking, no doubt, that the laborer is worthy of his hire. He tells Squire D. that if he will give up his worldly creed, and follow him to the Western country, he will teach him to make scythe-snares and other heavenly things.' He published his business card sometime ago, wherein he called himself 'A Flying Angel,' and praised his 'Heavenly scythe-snares.' He is vehemently opposed to all priests and religious sects—and believes himself destined to gather together all the holy angels (men) in the midst of Heaven (the world.) On every other subject the enthusiast is perfectly sane, and enjoys an excellent appetite.

OUR PRIZES.—The time is approaching when the Committee will sit in judgment on tales and poems given in for the prizes. Some Editors have offered for tales &c. in the same way, and have with great dishonesty, previously made arrangements with some individual who should write a tale or poem and then receive the nominal prize, the Committee lending their names to a cheat. It is not so with us.—Our professions are *true* and may be relied on. A committee will be appointed of disinterested gentlemen, who will decide according to the merits of the productions.—With this security, we hope authors will deem it an object to compete, and we shall take pleasure in offering to our readers excellent original matter.

THE CENTENNIAL!—So, Old Harvard has completed another century! Two hundred years has she existed—and her sons have congregated together upon the anniversary of her two hundreth year, to celebrate the hale continuance of life in their alma mater! Hoary heads, that have almost seen a century, and were fostered under the wing of this their mother, learned and distinguished men, more indebted to their own energy, considering the system of education pursued at Harvard, than to her agency, and the young, just sent from her nursing arms, were gathered together as one family—and eloquence was rife, and wine was abundant, and joy was abroad.

The meeting was adjourned to the next centennial anniversary. It was a startling thought as the motion was made, that of the congregated multitude, not one would then join in the services! It was a strange, a solemn feeling!

Old Harvard! we would she could turn over a new leaf for her future life, now that she has arrived at years of discretion. Why not let mind be developed according to the nature of its treasures? Why treat all alike? Why confine all to the same studies, and judge of merit by the same rule? It is injustice to man—it is injustice to mind—it is injustice to the goodness of God. All men are not alike. The minds of all cannot be shaped as man would shape them. They have inherent qualities, and are biassed by nature in one direction and another. Why chaise them down to hatred and pursuits?

And boys of too tender an age are admitted to the University—before their minds are developed; and they are capable of appreciating, or properly understanding their studies. They graduate—boys—and then must, unless they have determination, pass years in illness or desultory attainments. No one should be admitted to college until he is at least seventeen years of age.

We want to see a reformation in old Harvard.

THE CRISIS PASSED. Ogden Hoffman, and Hugh Maxwell, Esqs. are still alive! Their lives had been threatened by an anonymous letter—but the time set for despatching them has gone by, and they are still in the land of the living.

THE NEWSPAPERS.—There has been an interregnum for some time from the fury of political warfare, and the newspapers which deal in the article of politics having been resting on their oars, preparing for the coming contest, we have had a delicious calm—a sweet visitor between the clouds of strife—and literature and matters of general instruction and interest have been attended to. But the elections are coming on—the papers on either side have shaken off their lethargy and aroused themselves for action. The balls begin to whiz about our ears—Editors look severe, and write as if the weight of nations were on their shoulders. Country prints, some with perhaps a circulation of three hundred once a week, are making sage prophecies about who will be beaten and who will beat, as though they could look into futurity, and their opinion would certainly turn the scale. Political candidates are blackguarded with double fury. The characters they have been suffered to enjoy while peace has been reigning, are stripped from them, and if the opposition papers on either side may be believed, we shall have, whoever we may have for our President, a deceiver, a jackass, a magician, or an old woman! Here is a catalogue of names bestowed upon the candidates for the Presidency of a great nation! Oh what a precious thing in this country is the Liberty of the Press—by which every political Editor may blackguard his opponents without fear or molestation, and enjoy his glorious right to call them all the names he can think of! Oh glorious Liberty of the Press!

THE DRAMA.

THE NATIONAL.—Mr. C. H. Eaton closed a first engagement at the National on Wednesday evening last, as Master Walter in the Hunchback, and in consequence of the great applause and full houses which have greeted him, he is now fulfilling a second. His performances this week have been various, and have exhibited his usual excellence. We would particularize Shylock and Damon as the ones in which he has excelled. He is considerably 'shorn of his beams' by a severe cold which causes him to make a wearying effort to speak, and deprives him of the power of good modulation. The greatest faults of his acting, are an occasional want of sufficient bye play to keep up the interest of scenes, and a submission to the violence of his feelings which causes him to indulge in extravagance and hurriedness of gesture and tone, not perfectly consistent with grace and the modesty of nature. But he is yet a man of great power—of sterling abilities—He is even now a fine actor—the most discriminating—yes—the *best American actor*; so far as opinion may be grounded upon good reading, modulation, and vigor. Forrest has won a greater name—but he owes more to his majestic size, and his peculiarities, than to any superiority of talent, although he is certainly excellent in many points.

We think it wonderful that Mr. Eaton should have received the attention from the Boston public, which he has had reason to be thankful for during his present engagement at the National. A prophet hath honor, save in his own country and his own house—and we have been told by all actors that they receive less applause in their native cities than any where else. Mr. Eaton may consider this a great tribute to his powers.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith are hosts in themselves. The latter is, we think it will be conceded, without a rival in her line of characters. Mr. Smith seems capable of acting anything—excelling of course in some parts, but doing all things well.

We have taken occasion of late to notice the rapid improvement of Mr. Crane. This gentleman was at the Warren last season, and played so as not to offend, but never with any decided exhibition of talent, being noted, however, for his taste and neatness in dress. The enlargement of the Theatre seemed to remove him. From the first night of performance he began to exhibit improvement very marked and satisfactory—until, from a mere so so actor, he has taken a most decided stand, and drawn upon himself much attention.

On Wednesday he performed Sir Thomas Clifford in 'The Hunchback,' (what admirable playing was there all round, at the National that night!) and so acquitted himself as to cause immediate comparisons to be drawn between him and others who have performed the same part in Boston, and a decision *in his favor*!—not by ourself alone, but by every man present whom we conversed with upon the subject, capable of judging. He read with a surprising and admirable propriety. One sentence we will note particularly. It is that ending

> ———All,
> Save life and honor, Sir,—which ere I'll lose,
> I'll let the other go.

It has always been read, and was by Charles Kemble,

> ———All,
> Save *life* and *honor*, Sir,— which ere I'll *lose*,
> I'll let the other *go*.

Now *go* is only a recurrence of the sentiment conveyed by the word *lose*—and by the emphasis on *lose*, the hearer is left in doubt what is at stake—life or honor. It was therefore with pleasure that we heard Mr. Crane give the right reading.

> ———All,
> Save life and *honor*, Sir—*which*, ere I'll lose,
> I'll let the *other* go.

Mr. Crane must stand straighter, and acquire a more decided air, and infuse more energy into his performances—these are the only important necessary qualifications which he lacks.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Ayling, who has not played a great many times, will appear and perform Jaffier to Mr. Eaton's Pierre. He is a fine reader, and shows those talents which with study and attention will acquire great fame. Much is expected of Mr. Eaton's Pierre,—and Mrs. Anderson's Belvidera will undoubtedly be marked with her tragic power.

THE TREMONT.—*On Monday evening* Mr and Mrs Hield made their first appearance in this country, in Macbeth. They took a daring flight, and as some one or two of the newspapers had given a strong puff preliminary, the house was very full. We were inclined to be skeptical respecting their preeminence, as we saw the extract from Blackwood *in the Atlas*, comparing the lady to Mrs. Siddons—for it seemed wonderful, if she was so talented, that no more had been heard of her. Both were received with great applause, and made great efforts to realise the expectations formed of them. Mr. Heild is of handsome figure, winning address, graceful gesture, and remarkably easy carriage. But he wants power of voice and depth of expression. He strains too much for effect—making long pauses, and exercising too much gesture. He was respectable in Macbeth, but it is beyond his reach, as it is beyond the reach of almost every one.

Mrs. Hield we did not like so well as we were pleased with her husband. Though she evidently has talent, yet she has an unpleasant manner, and her face is far from prepossessing.

They have played since in various pieces; but we have been unable to see them together—having witnessed Mr. Hield's Robert Macaire—a very pretty piece of acting.

We only blame Mr. and Mrs. Hield for aspiring so high. It is far better to surprise by superiority to previous professions, than to fall below them.

Mr. Murdock is an energetic and pleasant performer. His Macduff was a fine piece of acting—and he has won himself great credit in one or two new farces.

Mr. Bayne, we are especially pleased with. His performance of the Old Scotchman in the Warlock of the Glen was delightful. Mr. Muzzy did well as the Warlock.

Finn, old comical Finn, identified with every thing connected with Boston theatricals, commences an engagement on Monday.

LITERARY NOTICES

We have been unable during the present week to devote the attention to the new books laid upon our table which their value demands and our inclination prompts us to devote to them. So fruitful is the Press that we cannot ever do perfect justice to all—but now we are more behindhand than usual. However, we will announce our pile, and make such comments as slight examinations enable us to do.

First comes the KNICKERBOCKER—which Jordan will show it to any one who likes magazines. It is a good number, with better prose than poetry. Some of the articles of both descriptions are excellent, and some so-so—and one or two not touching mediocrity.

A TRIP TO THE WEST AND TEXAS.—B. B. Mussey. This book has a very catchpenny look out side, from the circumstance of a large flag being on the cover, &c. We have not looked inside of it, but as many copies have been sold, we presume the matter is of value.

Memoir of W. Carey D. D. Missionary to Bengall; Boston, Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.—This is a fine looking book with a good portrait. An introductory preface accompanies this work, the production of President Wayland.

The same firm has issued a *third* elegant edition of Wayland's Moral Science.

THREE ERAS OF WOMAN'S LIFE—by Miss E. E. Stuart—Harpers, New York; B. B. Mussey Cornhill.—Retail price 50 cts. A taking title this—and by a lady too, who ought to know all the turns of woman's life. Let us look at it. There is no preface—one recommendation.—*There should be no prefaces unless something particular is to be told*—they are stale. The first paragraph is flowing and pleasant—with a fine sentiment well expressed at the end of it. We will go further—we find a depth of expression, fine sentiment, rich language, and a glorious moral. We will not leave the book.

We have finished it in delight, and recommend it with all our heart.

THOUGHTS, SCRAPS AND NEWS.

MUNICIPAL.—At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen Monday:

The Committee reported that the iron fence around the common be completed, being about 1800 feet on Charles and Boylston streets, including the burial ground, and that $20,000 be appropriated for that purpose.

Resolves passed to widen and extend Lincoln and Beach streets.

A well to be sunk in Sudbury square.

The Mayor and Alderman Quincy were added to the committee of the Common Council consisting of Messrs Williams, Harris, Chapman, Waters, Savage, Carruth and Piper, respecting the subject of introducing fresh water into the city.

GAMBLERS. We are truly happy to notice that a nest of gamblers who had collected and encamped in a wood near the University to entice the unsuspecting to ruin, has been broken up—and we only regret that the whole number were not captured. There can be nothing more worthy of the severity of Justice than the efforts, too often successful, of these wretches to ensnare the unwary and dispoil them of their money. They live in the community only to prey upon it.—Fortunately the strong arm of public opinion is against them—and it is hard for them to find shelter.

LATEST FROM SMYRNA. We have received Smyrna papers to the 25th of June. The Plague had made its appearance there. The Smyrna Journal, under date of the 24th says, 'The cases of the Plague have been more numerous the past week. The principal focus of the contagion was in a kind of khass situated near the Frank quarters where about a dozen poor families were clustered together. Ten days ago, a woman having died in that locality after a short illness, the corpse was visited by the Doctors, and declared exempt from contagion. No precaution of separation, or of purification, was consequently taken, and the result is that 10 more persons have died on the same spot. We are obliged to say that the manner in which things are managed in these countries in time of pestilence, is negligent in the extreme. In making this remark, it is not our intention to apply it to any individual or any administration in particular, but to all, and to the general state of things.'

The Plague continues to make *fearful ravages in Magnesia*. The number of victims is stated at more than 12,000 of whom 11 thousand were Turks. Consternation reigns in this city; there is not a house, nor a family, but has to deplore the *loss of some of its members*. On the contrary, we learn that the Plague has ceased at Metelin.

Smyrna, June 25.—Robberies multiply in Smyrna and its environs at a frightful rate, and ought to command the serious attention of the authorities; for never was the security of the inhabitants so invaded as at present, by the robbers of all nations who infest the city.

A new journal entitled 'Greece Regenerated,' is about to be published at Athins, it is said under the patronage of the government.

The English fleet is still cruising before Patras. It is stated positively that it is about to return to the Archipelago, but we know not at what precise time it is to sail for that destination.—*Jour. Com.*

CHANCE FOR SPECULATORS. The Suffolk India Rubber Company sell at auction tomorrow all their real estate, buildings and machinery, at Chelsea. The rapid and continuing rise of real estate in that vicinity—the liberal terms of the sale, and the fact that it is an absolute one, renders it worthy the attention of capitalists insuring as it does certain profit to an investment.

☞ We have been favored by Mr. Cunnabell of this city with Halifax papers to late dates. The only news of interest which we find is the report of the trial of Clam Petit and Samuel Fanmore for piracy and murder. The result of the trial is not given.

The Provincial papers do not generally seem to be well disposed towards this country. All accounts of murders, riots, &c. are eagerly seized on, and the worst versions given—often with invidious remarks annexed.

RAIL ROAD ACCIDENT. Two trains of cars encountered each other on the Schenectady and Saratoga railroad. A baggage car was crushed like an egg-shell, and many passengers were bruised. One gentleman's leg was broken. The accident is said to have been occasioned by the utter recklessness of the agent. One of the passengers asks, in a letter to the editors of the Journal of Commerce, 'when will the law recognize some penalty for *this* sort of murder ?'

MONEY-SNATCHING. As Mr. Solomon Mason was going up Orchard street, New York, with a bank book in his hand, containing between $700 and $800 in money, a fellow snatched it from his hand, and darted into an alley; but being hotly pursued, he dropped his plunder and escaped.

☞ The N. Y. Sun complains that the East River ferry boats are unsafe, and that the Fulton Ferry company are regardless of the good of the community.

JUNCTION AT THE NORTH. The President and the Vice President will meet in Buffalo, about the 10th of September—' and about other matters too.'

FROM TEXAS. Our intelligence is that the army, 22 00 in number, is at Cilet near Capano. Its numbers have been considerably reduced, in consequence of many of the Texans having returned to the cultivation of their farms.—It is understood that the expedition to Matamoras has been abandoned, and that there is no prospect of a meeting of the two armies until winter. Santa Anna has been sent to the plantation of Colonel Phelps, under a strong guard.—*Transcript.*

A DUEL was fought at Pensacola on the 9th ult, between Passed Minshipman Bowers and Midshipman Davis. Bowers had accused Davis of cowardice, and after the first fire, neither party being wounded, Bowers withdrew his charge of cowardice, Davis expressed himself satisfied, and the matter was adjusted.

LONG STREET. The lamps on the third Avenue, N. Y. were to be lit Friday evening—presenting a row of lights six miles in length ! The Aldermen were to eat on the occasion.

FLOGGING SOLDIERS. During the last three years, 588 soldiers of the British Army have undergone the punishment of the lash. That is a trifle in comparison with the flogging in the American Navy. John Randolph of Roanoke declared, after a passage to England in one of our frigates, that there had not been so many stripes dealt out to all his slaves during thirty years, as he had seen inflicted on the backs of American seamen during the passage.

TEN HOUR SYSTEM. The ten hour system has been adopted in the Navy Yard at Philadelphia, in consequence of which the great ship Pennsylvania will be speedily completed.

The Baltimore Gazette of Monday has the following—

AID FOR TEXAS.—The Vicksburg Register states that General Dunlap of Tennesse is about to proceed to Texas with THREE THOUSAND men. The whole corps is now at Memphis. Every man is completely armed, the corps having been originally raised for the Florida war. This force, in addition to that already in Texas, we have no doubt, will be able to carry every thing before it.

INTERESTING FROM SPAIN.—The Topliffs have received Gibraltar papers to Aug. 1st, inclusive. It appears from them that every thing in Spain is in a more unsettled state than ever. Something like a revolution has taken place at Malaga. The military, it would appear, were opposed to both the governments of the Queen and Don Carlos; they had murdered the military and civil Governors of the place, and on the 26th July the Constitution of 1812 was solemnly proclaimed and sworn to in that city, amidst *cries of Liberty! and Down with the Tyrants!* A new Junta, or Board of Government, had been established.—*Trans.*

THE ARMY. The Globe publishes a General Order, dated Aug. 29, containing a long list of promotions in the army, and of deaths and resignations which have taken place since July 6. The list contains the names of five officers who have died viz. Lieut. Col. Heilman, Major Ransom, Capt. Gates, and Lieut. Linden and Loughborough, and of twenty-five who have resigned. Of those who have resigned there are seven Captains and eighteen Lieutenants.

SINGULAR DEATH.—At Coventry, in England, a man lately died suddenly. A post mortem examination was made of the body. The surgeons, on opening it, discovered a stocking needle, three inches and a half in length, run through the heart. The only appearance by which it could be supposed that the needle was introduced between the ribs, was a healed wound, something like, upon the exterior, the appearance of a bite by a flea. The jury returned a verdict of 'Died from the effects of a needle introduced in the heart, but how, and by what means so introduced, they had no evidence.'

EXTRAORDINARY ANTEDILUVIAN ANIMAL.—One of the most distinguished Geologists of Germany is a Dr Klipstein, (literally meaning Clip stone,) a most capital name.—He has been clipping stones to some purpose, having recently found, near Eppelchium, the head of that wonderful fossil animal, the *dinotherium giganteum*, probably the largest antediluvian animal species whose remains have hitherto been found. The head is 6 feet long, and weighs 500 lbs. The upper part of the fore leg was 6 feet. We think this animal should be put alongside the bones of the giant which a fellow recently pretended to have discovered in Ohio.—*N. Y. Star.*

☞ A party sailing near Long Island, a day or two since, saw a human body afloat in the harbor; but the wind was so high that they could not approach it.

COMPLIMENT TO TEXAS.—The New York Transcript mentions that the Texan vessel of war Brutus, of 10 guns, is in their harbor, and recommends to the military companies a general muster on the battery, in order to show the public feeling in favor of Texas—fudge !

Mr Locke, the roguish author of the moon hoax, has another tough story on the stocks, which will shortly be launched. The scene is laid in the antediluvian world.

The man of fashion studies politeness. The natural gentleman is polite without knowing it.

'In our country,' exclaimed an Italian, 'we have the ever-burning Mount Vesuvius!' 'And in our country,' the American might have replied, 'we have mobs and riots, which is a *burning* shame !'

ARMY RESIGNATIONS.—Seven Captains and nineteen Lieutenants have surrendered their commissions to the War Department, indignant at the treatment they have received.

PIRATES ON THE LAKES.—A schooner of about thirty tons burthen, without colors or name, painted black, with a red stripe above the water line, containing a crew of twenty-three men, armed with pistols, dirks, and muskets, was taken in the St. Clair River, on the 20th ult. under strong suspicions that she was fitted out with piratical intentions. Her crew stole some cattle from the shore, and were arrested as the vessel was about leaving the river for Lake Huron. The officers were uniforms, and all had huge mustachios. They were commanded by one whom they called General Dixon.

BUNKER HILL AURORA LOOKING UP !—It is with much pleasure that we observe the Bunker Hill Aurora improving in the style and temper of its editorials. We have not, of late, seen any of those gross allusions—those malignant and waspish rejoinders and attacks on political opponents, which used to render that journal the terror of all editors far and near. Like a blazing fire-ship, none dare throw their grapplings on board of her. Like the rat with the bell, friends and foes alike scatter widely on its approach. But now, there is little that is found in its columns which a modest female might not read—and excepting a hand grenade, now and then desperately hurled at the head and front of the Advocate, nothing peculiarly disreputable disgraces its pages. We are glad to see it thus purged of the scandal and obscenity which was once identified with its name, and indulge the hope that the Aurora will yet become a decent paper.

The New Yorkers are all agog to see OLD JOHNSON, and well they may be; for if they have a *Placide*, there are others in the world that can eat as much roast beef and plum pudding as he.

ANOTHER MURDER.—Wm Jackson Koehler, a respectable young man, aged 21, was murdered in Philadelphia on Tuesday evening. The Inquirer states that as he was walking along Spruce street, Schuylkill, with a female acquaintance, a man came out of a neighboring house and [illegible] first man out of the same house, and one of them struck him with a stone or piece of iron in his hand, on the right temple. He fell and cried 'murder.' The watchmen came to his relief and pursued the ruffians, who fled, and were not overtaken. Poor Koehler contrived to get to his brother's house, where he lingered until Sunday morning, and then died of his wound.

FIENDISH.—The Franklin Mercury says that last week that village was disgraced by two instances of wanton and malicious destruction of property. Houses were defaced, fences torn down, &c.

NEUTRAL PAPERS.—A cotemporary apologizes for not inserting some interesting matter until after the election.—Let peaceable citizens, who are opposed to the riotous proceedings of political demagogues, drop the party papers until after the election, and take the Herald and Galaxy.—Even the Boston Pearl is better than nothing.

The students of the Colleges regard it as the best part of the present celebration, that they are exempted from their exercises during the week.

The Portland Times is trying to breed a quarrel between us and little Frost; but Frost will not attempt to *nip us*.—He knows which is the safe side too well. The mischievous little Times is trying to get Frost into bad breed.

☞ B. B. Thatcher, Esq., who was to have delivered an Oration before the Alumni of Brunswick College on Tuesday evening, was prevented from proceeding to Brunswick, in consequence of the steamboat putting in at Cape Ann on account of stormy weather.

WHIG GRAMMAR. Sherrod Williams, Member of Congress, the interrogator of Mr. Van Buren, and the great champion of the Whigs, writes thus to the Vice President: '*I done* so in good faith,' &c. Had any Democrat, however obscure, written thus, every Whig editor from Maine to Florida, would have triumphantly quoted the vulgarism. It is indeed surprising, that a *principal* man in the party that foolishly boasts of 'all the learning and all the talents,' should not merely be so ignorant of grammar, but should adopt an idiom never heard but amongst the lowest classes of society.

On neutral grounds we altogether agree with the above.—The political papers on both sides must look out how they use bad grammar, or rejoinders will be plenty as blackberries. We congratulate the Post on its noble determination to preserve the purity of our language, and the purity of the Whig Grammar. The Post never—oh no !—never—never—NEVER has bad grammar. It is a paragon. It couldn't have been the Post that had 'one glorious line' after the last elections, when Ward No. 1, obtained a majority on the Jackson side, to wit—

'*Ward No.* 1 DONE well !'

and yet if it was not the Post, what paper was it ?

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The Transcript tells a case of absence of mind, where an individual kicked himself down stairs. We saw a case slightly similar, where a man, in the condition aforesaid, descended a flight of stairs—but he soon discovered his mistake, and hurried up them again.

☞ The late cold weather has killed all the vines—the farmers are in a sad pickle—though cucumbers for pickles are doubled in price, and vegetables generally have taken a rise. Is *little Frost* in town ?

HANDSOME EDIFICES. The beauty of the range of buildings in State street, between Exchange street and Merchant's Row lately struck our eye—and we do not remember to have seen in any city so neat a block. All are of granite and of tasteful architecture—some having been lately erected. After all it shows a noble spirit to erect handsome structures which do not yield any more profit from possessing superior beauty, but which ornament the position they are in, and are a mark for the eye to rest on with pleasure.

☞ Justine Jones, of Greenfield, has published a very interesting pamphlet respecting the causes and events in the late Texas war, by Mr. Field, one of the survivors of Fanning's command. Although we do not agree with the writer entirely in his views respecting the incitements to warfare, yet the interest centered in the narration which may be relied on for truth, makes it valuable. It will be on sale at the bookstores in a few days, as it is necessary to print a new Edition—the first, consisting of over two thousand copies, having been bespoken before it was issued.

LUCKY ESCAPE FOR THE GENTLEMAN. Miss Melina E. Blaid of Blanford, Mass. has recovered 950 dollars from Dr. Albert A. Wright, for breach of promise. Oh, the blessedness of disinterested love !

Isaac Taylor of Stanford Rivers, now professor of Logic in Edinburgh, has avowed himself the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm.

FORREST.—There was such a rush to see Forrest at the Chestnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Monday last, that a gentleman had his arm broken.

POLITICS.—There are more pit-falls and Jack o' lanterns in politics than many men imagine. It is a source of amusement to us to 'lie by' on neutral ground and watch the fshiftings and turnings of the various parties. Every straw that may turn the balance in favor of one party or the other is caught at by the respective newspapers, and crowed over as if it were a triumph worthy of being blazoned from the North Pole to the South. The most amusing parts of the complicated machine of politics are the prophecies and *inferences* of the Editors. They prophecy and infer ! Ye Gods ! how they *do* prophecy and infer. No poor simple minded uninitiated gentleman can, for the life of him, understand the grounds on which some prophecies are made, or from whence inferences are drawn. Nine times out of ten they turn out altogether contrary to the wise foretellings—and then comes another piece of fun—to see how they will get over the disappointment. Some make a doleful story, and find excuses and unexpected circumstances which have produced the result. Like as 'if such a one had continued firm, all would have been well,' and thus the pill is an '*if*' or an '*unless*.' The Post of this city is the wittiest on this point—for as sure as any thing unfortunate happens, it never informs its readers thereof—and the readers are as ignorant of any losses the party may have sustained, so far as they depend on their paper for information, as is the man in the moon.

Character in a political partizan is nothing. A man who sets up for a candidate in this country must forget that there is such a thing as honor and honesty, and talent and virtue—for he will be proved to know nothing at all; to be unworthy of trust, false to himself and his country, a deceiver, villain, traitor, rascal, old woman, magician, and so on, until the catalogue of recrimination is exhausted. Were an angel a candidate for office or honor in this country, *he* would be proved to be a devil.

So wags the pendulum of politics. There must be parties, and candidates, and diversity of opinion—for it is desirable, and is the immediate result of our free institutions. Every man is bound to be of some party or other, or he is no good citizen. A vote may often turn the scale—and it is as incumbent on men to vote as it is to conduct themselves in obedience to the laws. No man has a right to say, no—I will be of no party—and will not trouble myself to vote. But it is not necessary that the violence, the falsehoods, the slanders, the malignity which characterize many warm politicians of every party should be employed, and truth and self-respect be squandered to gain an end.

The following States have already prohibited their banks from issuing any notes under five dollars: New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Georgia, Louisiana, Indiana, Alabama, New Jersey, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Maine.

NEWSPAPER PAY.—The Editor of the Methuen Gazette announces that he will take any kind of country produce in exchange for his paper—except children.

The Editor of the New York Sun has not yet been enabled to visit the Fair of the Mechanics' Institute at Castle Gardens. Editors in Maine are requested to give publicity to the circumstance.

MOB LAW IN SYRA. Serious disturbances have occurred between the Methodist missionaries and the populace in Syra; which were excited by some influential persons who circulated a report that the missionaries were going to destroy the Greek faith, and seal all the children in the Sunday school with the mark of the Devil.

Bibles and other religious works used in the schools were seized and burned, and the lives of the missionaries threatened. A strong military force was employed in putting down the disturbance.

The effect of a pinch of snuff upon a new beginner is very happily described in a translation from the Italian, by Leigh Hunt. It is, in truth, sternutation on paper, or sneezing described.

What a moment, what a doubt,
All my nose, inside and out,
All my thrilling, tickling, caustic,
Pyramid rhinocerotic,
Wants to sneeze, and cannot do it !
Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
Now with rapturous torments wrings me,
Now says, sneeze you fool, get through it.
What shall help me ? Oh good Heaven,
Ah ! yes—thank ye—thirty-seven
Shee—shee—O ! 'tis most del—*ishi*—
Ishi—*ishi*—most del—*ishi*,
(Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring)—"
Snuff's a most delicious thing.

IRISH EDITORS. There are few journals more interesting than those published in Ireland; they have a never failing supply of laughable-humorous or horribly-interesting facts. The worst of the matter is, you never feel quite certain who made the pun, or who did the murder—the editor, or the person assigned. You cannot dismiss from your memory the old story of the Irish editor in the hotel; the printer's devil enters. 'They want a small paragraph to fill up a column, sir.' 'How long ?' 'Mr. —— says about ten lines, sir.' 'Well, let me see—oh, tell him to burn a child to death at Waterford.'—*Irish paper.*

MILITARY. The Troops of the 1st Brigade, 5th Division, [illegible] Maj. Gen. Thompson, at Halifax, Mass. on Thursday the 22d inst.

The officers and non-commissioned officers of the Light Infantry Regiment commanded by Col. Young, will meet for drill on Saturday next, near Thomas Drew, Esq's, in Halifax.

STAMMERING. Dr. Darwin said that he considered the impediment in his speech an advantage to him, as it gave him an opportunity to think before speaking. It must be a very convenient defect for a lying witness in Court.

LATER FROM EUROPE. By the packet ship Gladiator, Captain Britton, we have London dates to Monday, August 1st.

The Times of August 1st says that on the previous evening an express arrived from Frankfort announcing the death of Mr. Rothschild. It was previously known that Mr. Rothschild of London who went to Frankfort to attend the wedding of his son, was detained there by extreme illness. He was the chief manager of the great Banking partnership of the Rothschilds, though not the oldest of them.

LATER FROM FRANCE.—By the ship Charles Carroll, Capt. Lee, we have French papers to July 26th. The Commercial intelligence is of some interest. Quite an increased activity prevailed in cotton.—*Jour. Com.*

The Ministers after consulting with the King, had decided that no review should take place on the 29th July. The cause was understood to be the apprehension of further attempts to assassinate the king. The Journal of Paris, a paper in favor with the Ministers, says—

'The nation knows well that it is not a few scoundrels that will prevail against its irrevocable will. At Paris and at Lyons they endeavored to reduce us to anarchy with arms in their hands, and were conquered, and it is on that account they have converted themselves into assassins. A party which has recourse to such means is forever lost. It consists of a few men, arrived at the last stage of desperation. Continual watching, time, and the public horror will convince them of their weakness. In the meantime prudence is a duty, it is particularly so for those men who hold the reigns of government, and who bear in the eyes of France and the world an immense responsibility.'

M. Armad Carrel, a man of a good deal of importance, Editor of Le National, died at Paris on the 24th of a wound received in a duel, provoked by some political article in his paper.

AN ACCIDENT.—A horse and chaise about nine o'clock on Wednesday morning came flying down Washington street, the animal being at the top of his speed. Opposite the post office the wheel of the chaise hit the wheel of a cart, and over went the latter, horse and all—the legs of the horse sticking up in the air like *four* dry stalks in a high wind. The horse and chaise were 'brought up standing,' but soon set off again, with one wheel bent under at an angle of forty-five degrees. In Dock Square, it came in contact with a carriage, and the horse was freed from the chaise, and we saw no more of him. It was a wonder that none were hurt.

DARING ROBBERY.—We learn from the Cincinnati Whig that a high-handed and daring robbery was committed in the town of Madison (Indiana) on the night of the 26th ult. on Mr B. F. Wood, of Cincinnati. It appears that Mr Wood had just arrived at Madison with a considerable sum of money in his possession, and that he was attacked in the streets of Madison shortly after landing from the boat, by two ruffians, who knocked him down, gagged him, and robbed him of his money, to the amount of $2240, chiefly of $100 notes of the U. S. Bank. They also took from him a valuable patent lever silver watch, having the initials of his name on the back. It is supposed that the robbers, having accidentally obtained a knowledge of Mr Wood's intentions and the money in his possession, accompanied him from Cincinnati, for the express purpose of robbing him on the first favorable opportunity—which, unluckily for him, offered itself in Madison. A reward of five hundred dollars is offered for the apprehension of the robbers and the recovery of the money, or three hundred dollars for the money alone.

WAKING THE WRONG PASSENGER. A respectable merchant from the interior of South Carolina, named Wilson, went into Wm. S. Conant's auction store at the corner of Pearl street and Maiden Lane, a few days since, and purchased a number of articles. On calling the next day to pay for the articles, he discovered that the goods had been changed for worthless articles and refused to pay for them. At midnight, on Friday, a man named Aaron, (said to be Conant's clerk,) who got himself deputed as sheriff, called at Mr. Wilson's Hotel, arrested him and carried him off to prison. Mr. W. offered bail which was refused. The next morning he was regularly bailed, and Conant and Aaron finding that they had 'awoke the wrong passenger,' became alarmed and offered to compromise. Mr. Wilson, has, however, very properly refused to have any thing to do with them, and is determined to let the law take its course.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

ANONYMOUS LETTERS.—An Anonymous Letter is a vile, cowardly production, filled with gratuitous abuse, mean suggestions, false insinuations, base malignity, and pretended kindness. The writers of them are generally those, who on account of their own vices and folly are abandoned by all decent people.—Those who secretly glut their low revenge for fancied neglect or imaginary affronts. Those who are more solicitous about the morals of others than they are about their own. Those meddling friends and insignificant enemies who chuckle in the security of darkness, at the mischief which they are too cowardly to assume the responsibility of. They never did any good, but a deal of harm, for they disturb the contented, mortify the happy, make relations cool, and friends distrustful. They are the very bases of libels—the pestilence that walketh at noon-day, the author of which—I do not say YOU, render—deserve, and they know it—scorn, indignation and contempt.

LATER FROM LONDON.—Messrs Topliff have received from Halifax, by the Mail Packet Velocity, the London Standard of August 4th, being two days later than former advices.

Nathan Mayer Rothschild, the celebrated Banker, died at Frankfort-on-the-Main July 28th, aged 59 years, leaving seven children. He was on a visit to Frankfort, the place of his birth, to attend the marriage of his son, where he was attacked with the illness which proved fatal. His funeral was attended by sixty members of his family. Mr Rothschild, like the rest of his brothers, held a patent of nobility, with the title of baron, but never assumed it, being more proud of the name under which he had acquired a distinction, than any which title could confer.

Joseph Bonaparte with his family and suite had arrived in London from America.

The son of Lucien Bonaparte would, it was said, be condemned to death for having killed an officer of dragoons. It was, however, believed that the sentence would be commuted.

The Marquis of Clanricarde and Mr Green made a grand ascension in two balloons, which was the most splendid ever witnessed. When the balloons started they were twenty feet asunder, and came in collision at an elevation of 1000 feet without any injury. The balloons passed and repassed each other several times. The highest elevation attained was 19,200 feet. The party landed in safety in about an hour after their ascent.

The Courier Francaise states that the King of Naples has failed in his project of marrying the Arch Duchess Theresa, that princess objecting to him as a widower.

FROM SPAIN.—Two English and one Spanish battalions, left St. Sebastian on the 30th July for Santander, to join Iriarte, to arrest the progress of Gomez. Gen. Bernelle is proceeding in his horrid mission of burning corn. Gen. Espeleta is dead. A letter from Madrid states that the National Guard had just defeated an insurrectionary plot, in the affray twenty-five persons were severely wounded.

FROM FRANCE.—The packet ship Sully has arrived at New York, bring Havre dates to the 2d August, but their contents do not possess much interest, except the news of the death of Rothschild. A Paris correspondent of the Havre Journal writes: 'This death causes a great sensation in the financial world. Mr Rothschild was the head of the family, and the principal operator in all the speculations of the house. He had, within the last few years, made unsuccessful efforts to advance the price of funds, which political events had prevented them from attaining. It is feared that his death will cause a rapid decline in French and Spanish securities.'—*Trans.*

Mr. Jedediah Farmer, a revolutionary patriot, of Orleans, aged about 80, was found last week in a field, about one hour after he left home, dead. He was found on his horse, with grain on his back, which he had taken for the purpose of carrying to mill. It is supposed he died in a fit.

KIDNAPPING. A SCENE. The Washington and Baltimore cars were made the scene of a crowd on Sunday morning last. A Mrs. Ross was found in one of the railroad cars with a slave beside her, by one of the police officers of the city. Mrs. Ross protested that the black girl was free, and her own body servant. The police officer was not satisfied with this, and immediately arrested both the white and black woman, who are now in prison. The slave belonged to a Mr. Curtiss, and it seems that Mrs. Ross was upon wages playing the part of the philanthropist, by freeing negroes. Before, she had been instrumental in conveying many from the District, and had contracted to get this one her liberty, for, and in consideration of, the sum of five dollars, to her in hand paid.

The following gentlemen were elected Directors of the House of Industry, at a meeting of the Common Council last evening:—Richards Child, Charles F. Barnard, Thomas A. Davis, Daniel Henchman, Julius A. Palmer, Joseph Lewis, Artemas Simonds, James Means, Thomas Hollis.

While an elderly lady and her daughter, residing in New York, were at a pump a few nights ago, to get water, some one entered their house and left on the bed a female child, 5 or 6 years old, quite emaciated, and apparently half starved. She was carried to the almshouse, and is not expected to live.

EXTENSIVE PALSY. There has been an earthquake at Milledgeville, Ga.

COLD WATER.—The chairman of the Westminster Temperance Society, London, is a Mr Drinkwater.—*Sun.*

NAVAL.—The United States squadron, consisting of the Constitution, Potomac, and John Adams, on a cruise to the Levant, left Palermo about July 17 or 18. The U. S. schr. Shark, sailed two days before, destination not reported—all well.

The sloop of war Boston, Capt Delany, sailed from St. Thomas 8th ult.

The frigate United States, Capt. Wilkinson, had sailed from Gibraltar previous to Aug. 1.

CELEBRATION AT CAMBRIDGE. The Centennial Celebration at Cambridge of the Foundation of Harvard University took place on Thursday, agreeably to the announcement—and every body appeared gratified. President Quincy's Address, giving a minute history of the rise and progress of the College, was listened to with much interest by a very numerous audience. In the afternoon, upwards of a thousand persons sat down to a dinner prepared in a large pavilion erected near the College grounds, at which Governor Everett presided. A number of excellent speeches were made, and toasts given. In the evening the College buildings were handsomely illuminated.

STEAMBOAT SUNK. We learn by the passengers from New York, that on Monday evening last the steamboat Emerald, on her passage up, when just this side of the Highlands in Newburg bay, ran foul of a schooner under full sail, by which she was so much injured that the pilot was obliged to run her immediately on the flats, to prevent her going down. The North America happened to be near by, the captain of which promptly rendered all possible assistance and succeeded in getting off all the passengers, (about 120 in number) and crew of the Emerald in safety. It is not known what became of the schooner, as she had disappeared when those in the North America first found time to look after her, and as one could tell whether she had already sailed out of sight, or gone to the bottom.—*Poughkeepsie Eagle.*

A crocodile, estimated to be upwards of 100 years old, measuring 12 feet, 4 inches in length, and weighing 551 lbs., was killed in the Red River, near Natchitoches, (La.) on the 20th July. His paws, after being dissected, weighed thirty-six pounds—and the carcass yielded 11 gallons of oil.

A remarkable incident has just taken place in the neighborhood of a small frontier city in the department of Ardennes. A peasant undertook to set fire to his own barn, when a robber who was concealed in a heap of straw, raised the cry of fire while he was making his own escape. Both being confronted before the magistrate, the peasant maintained that he only set fire to his barn because he knew that his neighbor the robber, of whom he had suspicions, was concealed there; and the robber, on his side, declared that he had suspected the designs of the peasant, and had concealed himself that he might detect him in the act. Unfortunately he was not in time to prevent the fire. The judgment in the case has not yet been rendered.—*Paris paper.*

AN 'AD INFINITUM' JOB.—A very large reservoir has lately been constructed in the centre of Roxbury Square, before the Rev. Mr Putnam's meeting house—and the whole fire department has turned out two or three times to fill it.—The first time, the hose was defective, and they failed in their object—but on Thursday afternoon, every thing being in readiness, they took hold an hour before sundown to finish the matter. They pumped and pumped, and filled and filled, until ten o'clock, when the water was found to be within two feet of the top. At it they went again, and pumped until one at night, when 'on sounding' the water was found to be within *four* feet of the top. Not relishing this way of filling up, they departed—and in the morning, the water had nearly disappeared. The builder of the reservoir ought to give a collation to the whole department, and invite us into the bargain.

CHOLERA IN CHARLESTON.—By a Report of Dr. T. Y. Simons, Chairman of the Medical Committee of the Board of Health of Charleston, it appears that the cholera has broken out in that city. Out of eleven cases reported to that body two had terminated fatally.

UNLOOKED FOR GENEROSITY.—The Bible Society have presented the Fire Department Fund with $100, for the prompt exertions of the firemen in saving Fanshaw's establishment.

$2200.—This sum has been paid for dogs in New York. Five thousand of them have been knocked in the head. We had not supposed that Gotham contained so great a number of the animal. They have been all killed since the 22d of July.

The New York Times has libelled the proprietor of the Sun. Search him, Mr Sun.

The New Londoners have been doing something in the Earthquake line. They have had a shock in that town.—Let Connecticut folks alone for every thing in the way of notions.

GOOD WAGES.—Forrest received $1400 for his two nights performance at the Park Theatre last week.

THE PROSPERITY OF THE UNITED STATES. The Editor of a West India paper has expressed his astonishment that the Government of the United States should in the first place have a surplus revenue, and secondly, that that surplus should be distributed among the States. He considers it a wonderful thing that the Government of a nation, a power which has ever been known to grind a people more and more, being never satisfied, should voluntarily proclaim that the Treasury is overflowing, the coffers full, and a sufficiency to spare—and that it should disperse it among the people from whom it was received.

It is a strange circumstance—and one with hardly a comparison; and it tells a tale of the growth and prosperity of our land, which must make glad the hearts of all—England groans under the weight of taxes which the government are endeavoring to relieve. She is saddled with enormous expenses—as unnecessary as they are extensive. A debt so large that it would be futile to hope ever to extinguish it, and which is her safety—from its very greatness. France supports her government and no more—and the other nations of the earth except our own, live on, extorting from the people the means of existence, and never able to look forward to plentiful supplies. But America, young as she is—just escaped from the tyranny of a great nation, has paid off all its debts, and has from slight taxes, at which none complain, a surplus, which the Government owns not what to do with, and has to return to the people who gave it. It is a wonderful thing—and do we owe it to our prosperity alone ? No—to our republican simplicity—to our admirable Constitution. The salaries of our officers are small—and yet large enough—while those of other countries swallow up immense sums. We have no pensioners on the bounty of the land—save a few old survivors of the great struggle, who shame to say it, have not even with the scanty pittance, enough to carry their gray hairs in comfort to the grave.

There are many who regret this great prosperity. It may be an advantage. It may too be the wreck of all our liberty, our greatness, our existence. We hope the best for our country.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by the Rev Mr Lord, Johnson Lane to Mary Willey.

In this city, by Rev Mr Young, George Hughes to Elizabeth E. Parrott.

In this city, Dr Amos Nourse, of Hallowell, Me, to Mrs Lucy Clark, of Boston.

By Rev Mr Stow, Charles A. Yendell to Sarah H. Holliday, of Boston.

By the Rev Mr Taylor, Richard E. Laughlin to Mrs Eliza Bell.

At South Boston, Adam Knox to Martha D. Lock, both of this city.

At Dorchester, James Needham to Jane Norris; Joseph C. Deane to Susannah Small.

At Weston, 7th inst, by Rev Mr Hodges, Isaac H. Jones to Caroline Whittemore.

At West Cambridge, Benjamin Poland to Almira Prantiss, [illegible] W. C.

At Methuen, Thomas Dascomb to Ruth A. G. Messer, both of Boston.

At Salem, Joshua S. Goodale, of New Orleans, to Elizabeth C. daughter of Sam'l Cook Esq, of S.

At South Reading, by the Rev Mr Emerson, Eben Avery to Harriet Gould.

At Dracut, John W. Crafts, of this city, to Mary Ann Wellman, of D.

At Braintree, Nath'l Hunt Esq, of Weymouth, to Esther Howard, of B.

At Providence, Samuel S. Sumner, of Boston, to Julia B Clark.

At Portsmouth, N H, Henry Bacon, of the U. S. Navy, of Boston, to Martha Wiggin, of P.

At Portland, Gilbert Watson, of Boston, to Amelia M. Nouverre, of Milledgeville, Geo.

At New York, J. Belknap Smith to Catharine M. daughter of James Clark Esq, of Boston.

At Penn's Grove, Delaware Co, Pa, at the residence of R. S. Smith Esq, Thomas H. Williams, of this city, to Emily E. Beach, of Gloucester, Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, Emma Jane, daughter of Josiah A. Jennings, 17 months.

Sept 5th, Samuel Soren, 14 months.

In this city, on Sunday, suddenly, Mrs Sally Foster, wife of Hon Harrison Gray Otis.

On Monday last, George Greenough, formerly of Portsmouth, N H, 32.

On Tuesday afternoon, Rinaldo Evander, 2d son of Joseph S. Hart, of this city, 13 months.

On Earth there grew a fragrant bud;
'Twas fanned by Time's malignant air—
But ere the flower its petals showed
'Twas borne to Heaven to flourish there.

At Roxbury, Mary, youngest daughter of Edward and Eliza Ann Pierce, 17 mos.

At Charlestown, Catharine A. daughter of Benj G. Blanchard, 27 months.

At Chelsea, Benj H. youngest child of Benj H. and Elizabeth C. Greene, 7 months.

At Cambridgeport, Daniel W. son of Joseph L. Brigham, 3 yrs and 3 months.

At Brighton, Helen Elizabeth, only child of Richard and Helen M. Stuart, 22 months.

At Malden, Jane Rand, daughter of Benj H. and Jane Organ, 5½ months.

At Scituate, Thankful Cole, of this city, 84.

At Ipswich, Aug 29, Mrs Abigail F. wife of George W. Treadwell, merchant, of New York, and daughter of Joseph Farley [illegible]

At New Ipswich, N H, Charles Barrett, formerly of [illegible] ty, 63.

At Salem, Catharine Miller, daughter of Gen James Miller, 28.

At Providence, Moses Brown, 98.

At Andover, Sarah A. daughter of Rev Leonard Woods, D.D. 19

At Newport, R I, George Henry, only child of Dr J. J. Fales, of this city.

At New Haven, Washington B. Foster, 24, formerly of Bernardston, Mass.

At Macon, Ga, 29 ult, Rev John Howard, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 43.

At Sanbornville, Major Josiah Stone, a soldier of the Revolution, 75.

At Pittsburgh, Pa, Alexander F. infant son of Lieut George H. Crosman, U S Army.

Drowned, June 21st, in attempting to cross the bar of Mezurado, Capt R. Pollard, of barque Henry Hill, of New York. Capt P. belonged to Boston.

WARREN. NATIONAL THEATRE.

☞ THIRD NIGHT OF THE RE-ENGAGEMENT OF MR C. H. EATON.

☞ Mr W. AYLING'S FIRST NIGHT.

ON MONDAY EVENING, Sept 12.
Will be performed the Tragedy of
VENICE PRESERVED!

Pierre, : : : : : : : : MR C H EATON.
Jaffier, : : : : : : : : MR W AYLING.
Belvidera, : : (first time) : Mrs Anderson.

Sailor's Hornpipe, by Miss Fox.

A Grand Garland Dance by Miss Angelica.

To conclude with the new Farce first time in America, called,
IS SHE A WOMAN !
Honorable Hector Butler : : : : Mr W H Smith.
Lady Caroline Butler, : : : Mrs Smith.

☞ A limited number of SEASON TICKETS may be had by application at the Box Office.

PRICES: Boxes 75 cts; Third Tier 50; Pit 37 1-2; Gallery 25.
*⁎*Doors open at 1-4 before 7; Performances commence 1-4 after 7.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

THE Members of the Handel and Haydn Society, are notified to meet at their Hall on SUNDAY EVENING, 11th inst, at 7 o'clock, for rehearsal.
s10 h—g J. HILL BELCHER, Sec'ry.

PRINTING MATERIALS FOR SALE.

FONTS of Pica; Small Pica; Long Primer; Bourgeois; Brevier; Minion; Nonpariel; 20 line Pica; 14 do; 12 do; 10 do; 8 do; 6 do; 5 do; 4 do; &c, &c, not half worn, and are offered low. Old Type will be taken in payment.

Also, Chases; Brass and Wooden Galleys; Type Cases; Column Rules; Pressing Papers, and other materials. Apply to
J. R. BUTTS,
s10 h—gtf No 2 School-st.

MILK STREET TRUSS MANUFACTORY.

(*Corner of Milk and Bath streets, opposite Pearl-st.*)

THE undersigned has always on hand, a most extensive assortment of every description of TRUSS ever employed in Europe or America.

☞ *Different kinds of Trusses.*

Salmon's Bowed, and in ball and socket, plain and bellows pad do; Kite pad; English improved Truss; common English do; Ball's do; Stone's do; Shaker's do; French do; India Rubber pad, made in Philadelphia; Marsh's New York do, improvement on Hull's; Umbilical do; Children's do, all sizes; Double do; for double ruptures; Bateman's improved do, &c.

CHILDREN'S TRUSSES—A great variety of these are now on hand calculated for all ages from three months old to maturity.

All persons who have been accustomed to wear these instruments, or to whom their use may have been recommended by their physicians, by applying as above, may have one exactly fitted to his body, on which particular adaptation its utility in a great measure depends.

Those who prefer having them made to order, will be waited upon by the manufacturer for this purpose.
J. P. WHITWELL.

☞ N. B.—Nearly every Truss made in the U. S. may be had as above, at manufacturers' prices. tf A 2

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber, will shortly commence a Course of French Instruction, at the Warren street Chapel. Ladies and Gentlemen who may wish to study, are informed that the terms will be $3,00 a quarter.

References.
C. F. BARNARD, *at the Chapel.*
H. I. BOWDITCH, *Bedford street.*
A 6 E. E. VIAU, *from Paris.*

REMOVAL.

CHARLES P. FESSENDEN has removed from 9 Union-st to 110 Main street, Charlestown, a few steps from Union-st, where he has fitted up a convenient establishment for the better accommodation of his business, and those that may favor him with their custom. He respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage. He has now on hand and for sale a large assortment of Looking-glasses, with mahogany, maple, satin-wood, ash and gilt frames; and Frames without plates; wholesale and retail. Retailers in glasses and those that may wish to furnish Hotels or other large establishments, will find it for their interest to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

Frames for Portraits and Pictures of all kinds, on hand, or made to order.

Old Frames regilt, and Plates resilvered.

Prints constantly on hand and for sale.

☞ Wanted as above, 1 Journeyman; 2 Carpenters, and 2 Cabinet Makers. Those who are acquainted with frame making would be preferred. 1m s24

TREMONT THEATRE.

MR. FINN'S FIRST NIGHT.

The Manager respectfully announces that he has entered into an Engagement for Seven Nights, with Mr FINN, prior to his departure to fulfil his Southern Engagements.

During Mr Finn's stay in this city, several of the Old Classical Comedies, will be revived with strong and effective casts.

On MONDAY EVENING, Sept. 11,
Will be performed, 1st time for several years, the Comedy of the
CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE!

LORD OGELBY, : : : : : : MR FINN.
Sir John Mleville, : : : : : : Mr Barrett.
Macduff, : : : : : : Mr Murdock.
Fanny, : : : : : : Mrs Barrett.
Miss Sterling, : : : : : : Mrs Muzzy.

A Pas Seul, by Miss McBride.

To conclude with the Farce of
MY MASTER'S RIVALS!
Or, Peter my Pipkin!

PAUL SHACK, : : : : : : Mr FINN.
Peter Shack, : : : : : : Mr Murdock.

☞ Doors open at ½ past 6 o'clock—Curtain will rise at 7 o'clock.

SALES BY AUCTION.

By J. M. ALLEN, Office corner of Milk and Congress sts

Stock of Stationary and Books, Steel Pens, &c.

On TUESDAY next, at 10 o'clock, at office.

All the stock of Stationary, &c, of a bookseller declining that branch of his business.

Catalogues may be had the afternoon previous to sale.

Stock of Dry Goods.

On WEDNESDAY next, at 9 o'clock, at office,

The remainder of a Stock, together with a number of invoices, comprising an extensive variety of articles, which will be sold *without reserve*, for cash.

Stock of Paper Hangings.

On THURSDAY next, at 11½ o'clock, at office,

The stock of a dealer in Paper Hangings, containing about 3000 rolls, and comprising about 60 different patterns of every description of paper. Samples will be exhibited on the morning of sale.

Builders and others would do well to attend the sale, as the whole must be sold without reserve.

Valuable Real Estate on Washington street.

On TUESDAY, 20th inst, at — o'clock, on the premises, Unless previously disposed of at private sale,

That valuable Estate numbered 389 Washington street, formerly the property of Deacon James Morrill, deceased. Said Estate is bounded on Washington street, thirty-seven feet and two inches, and is 104 ft 3½ inches in depth. The rear land communicates with Winter street by Jackson Place.

The terms will be very liberal and made known at the sale, or on application to J. W. FENNO, 20 Court street.

THE FAMILY SCHOOL.

A NEW Periodical, edited by Elizabeth Palmer Peabody Terms $3 per annum. Subscriptions rec'd by
MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
s10 133 Washington street.

LOOK AT THIS!

THE proprietors respectfully announce to the citizens of Boston, and its vicinity, that they continue to cleanse and purify Feathers of all descriptions with Wood's new improved Patent Chemical Steam Feather Renovator, by which all dirt and offensive smells are removed, and feathers that have become heavy and matted together by long use or for want of being well cured while new can be made light and lively. The advantage this machine has over all others, is the removing of dirt and offensive smells without injuring the feathers, (which cannot be said of any other machine now in use.)

Persons wishing to have their Beds dressed in the best manner will do well to apply in season, as the proprietors intend to close their business soon in this city. All orders (with names and Nos of streets) left at the Washington Coffee House, or at their place of business, at the head of Wales' wharf, Sea street, will meet with attention.

Price for each bed, *two dollars*; do for new feathers four cent per lb.

Furthermore, the Proprietors being anxious to close their business as soon as possible, in consequence of one of them being obliged to return home soon, (which is some hundred miles to the west of this) take this method to inform the public at large that they will sell the Right of the above named Machine for any part of the New England States, the State of Maine, and Essex Co. Mass, excepted, which is sold. Persons wishing to purchase will do well to call at the above named places soon, as sales and payments will be made to suit purchasers.
A 11 h—g1m ROSE & BURLEIGH.

JUST RECEIVED

BY JOHN H. GRUSH, 251 Washington street, a good assortment of Shell and Horn Combs.

Also, English Dressing and Ivory Combs; French and English Hair and Clothes Brushes; Pocket Books; Card Cases; Chinese Gammon and Chess Boards; Tea Caddies; Steel, Ivory and Ebony Screw Cushings; Inlaid Shell and Scotch Snuffboxes; Cigar Cases; Plaques; Silver Pencil Cases; Toothpicks; Thimbles; Scissors; Razors; Knives; Ivory Fans; Toothbrushes; German, French and American Cologne and other perfumeries.

Also, a few cases India Toys; Baskets; Fans and a variety of Fancy Goods too numerous to mention.
jy 15 g—htf

DR. WILLIAM INGALLS JR.

ROOM AT
NO. 8 SOMERSET PLACE.
y 13 h—g3m

CONCENTRATED COMPOUND SYRUP OF SARSAPARILLA,

FOR the cure of obstinate eruptions of the skin and disorders arising from an impure state of the blood. It will be found much superior in efficacy to the Syrups, Compound Fluid Extracts, and other preparation of Sarsaparilla, all of which being prepared by the formulas of the London and Dublin Colleges are necessarily weak and inert, and those who have heretofore been disappointed in the use of Sarsaparilla, will find the Concentrated Syrup not only an effectual remedy for the complaints above mentioned, but singularly efficacious in inflammatory Rheumatism, Ulcers of the Throat and Leg, Eruptions on Children, Erysipelas, Diseases of the Liver, Scorbutic Complaints, &c. and at the same time the safest medicine that can be resorted to, giving strength and increase of health to the whole system.

One bottle of this Syrup is equal to one gallon of the common Syrup, and contains all the ingredients of the well-known Lisbon Diet Drink. Price $1 for a junk bottle.

Also for sale—The CONCENTRATED COMPOUND OF CUBEBS, SARSAPARILLA AND CAPPIVI—being a certain remedy for those complaints for which those article have been so long celebrated; and without which no cure can be effected. See *Bell, Hunter* and many other medical writers. Price $3 a bottle, with copious directions.

Sold only at the Druggist's store, corner of Milk and Bath streets tf J 23

SILVER SPOONS, SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS.

A GOOD assortment of Silver and Plated Spoons just finished. Also, just received a good assortment of Silver and Steel Bowed Spectacles, with plain and colored glasses. Also, Jet Enamelled, and Gilt Plaques, Buckles, Fancy Boxes, Baskets, &c. All of which will be sold as cheap as can be bought in any other store in the city, at 34 Hanover street, next door above the Earl Coffee House, by WILLIAM PRATT.
june 25

WATCH TOOLS AND MATERIALS.

THOMAS A. DAVIS, No 87 Washington street, has just received one case of Watch Makers' Tools and Materials, consisting of the following articles, namely:

TOOLS. Pottance Burnishers, Hair Spring Tools, Screw Drivers, Side Case Stakes, Cutting Plyers, Callipers, Pin Vices; Sliding Tongs, Hammers, Balance Wheel Riveting Stakes, Verge do, Mainspring Punches, Burnishing Stakes, Riveting Clams, Large and Small Screw Callets, Engravers' Markers, Tweezers, Screw Keys, Pinion Guages, Pivot Drill Stocks, Large Brass do, Pivot Broaches, Pivoting and Bottoming do, Fusee and Joint do, Large Fusee do, Hand and Bench Vises, Screw Plates, Case Hammers, Saws, Magnifying Glasses, &c.

MATERIALS. Flat and Convex Dials from 10 to 30, Gold and Steel Hour, Minute and Second Hands, Mainsprings, Key Pipes, Verges, Fusee Chains, Fusee and Barrel Chain Hooks, Hairsprings, &c.

The above articles, comprising a complete assortment, were ordered and selected with care, and will be sold to Watchmakers and Dealers on favorable terms.
A 18 eplm

BEAR'S OIL AT 12 1-2 CENTS.

GENUINE Bear's Oil, for preserving, beautifying and promoting the growth of the Hair, for sale at GEYER'S Apothecary Store, 104 & 106 Hanover corner of Salem street. Price 12 1-2 cents per bottle, or $1,25 cts per dozen.
A 17 3m*

EIGHTH EDITION OF SHIPWRECKS AND DISASTERS AT SEA

THE Eighth Edition of this popular work has just issued from the press of S. N. DICKINSON, 52 Washington street, where it may be had in large or small quantities. This volume of 432 pages, royal 12mo, contains 100 spirited engravings, 20 or 30 of which are large and at once convey to the mind the perils and dangers of the wave-tossed mariner while on the raging sea, or the more fearful picture of speedy destruction as his gallant vessel drives furiously upon some rock bound coast amid horrid clefts and yawning caverns. The work has received many favorable notices from the editorial fraternity, and is considered as surpassing any work of the kind ever before got up in this country or in Europe. Independent of the merits of the work itself, the price, no doubt, has contributed greatly to its success, for the Publisher can assert, without fear of contradiction, that it is the cheapest book ever published. Dealers in town and country are invited to call on the Publisher, as they will be supplied on the most liberal terms.
jy 13 3m*

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

DR. KING continues to prepare and affix to buildings his improved Lightning Conductors—they are approved by all practical Electricians, as affording superior protection against Lightning to the old round form. Numbers of scientific gentlemen in Boston and its vicinity, have had them affixed by him to their mansions and other buildings, among them he will name those of President Quincy, Professor Webster and Peirce, of Harvard University, and Gov Lincoln, of Worcester. They are likewise highly recommended by Professor Silliman in his much esteemed lectures on Chemistry, lately delivered in Boston. Gentlemen intending to have Conductors are invited to his rooms No. 54 Cornhill, Boston, where they may see the superior effect of his rods illustrated. He continues to manufacture and has on hand large Plate Electrical Machines of superior powers, also Cylinders, large and small Galvanic Batteries, Electro Magnets and their apparatus—warranted of the best workmanship. He lately constructed for Professor Silliman the largest Galvanic Deflagrator ever made. Gentlemen arriving in Boston to purchase such articles, would do well to call before they buy. His prices will be accommodating for cash or approved credit.

N. B.—Dr King is not in partnership with any one.
jy 18 6m

NEW SHOE STORE.

WILLIAM M. LORING begs leave to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has taken store No 2, south side Hanover, near Court street, where he has on hand, and intends keeping, a good assortment of BOOTS and SHOES, of the first quality, made expressly for the retail trade. He would also inform them, that he intends keeping a general assortment of Hats, Caps, Clothing, Umbrellas, Stocks and ready made Linen, All of which he offers for a small advance from cost. 1m s7

H. A. HILL,
HAIR DRESSER, 99 Hanover street.
J 29 tf

SELECTED POETRY.

THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

How hard, when those who do not wish
To lend, that's lose, their books,
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish
With literary hooks;
Who call and take some favorite tome,
But never read it through:
They thus complete their set at home,
By making one at you.

I, of my 'Spenser' quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of 'Lamb' I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my 'Bacon.'
And then I saw my 'Crabbe' at last,
Like Hamlet's backward go;
And as my tide was ebbing fast,
Of course I lost my 'Rowe.'

My 'Mallet' served to knock me down,
Which makes me thus a talker;
And once, while I was out of town,
My 'Johnson' proved a 'Walker.'
While studying o'er the fire one day
My 'Hobbes' amidst the smoke;
They bore my 'Colman' clean away,
And carried off my 'Coke.'

They picked my 'Locke,' to me far more
Than Bramah's patent worth;
And now my losses I deplore
Without a 'Home' on earth.
If once a book you let them lift,
Another they conceal;
For though I caught them stealing 'Swift,'
As swiftly went my 'Steele.'

'Hope' is not now upon my shelf,
Where late he stood elated,
But what is strange, my 'Hope' himself
Is excommunicated.
My little 'Suckling' in the grave
Is sunk to swell the ravage,
And what 'twas Crusoe's fate to save,
'Twas mine to lose—a 'Savage.'

Even 'Glover's' works I cannot put
My frozen hands upon;
Though ever since I lost my 'Foote,'
My 'Bunyan' has been gone.
My 'Hoyle' with 'Cotton' went; oppressed
My 'Taylor' too must fail;
To save my 'Goldsmith' from arrest,
In vain I offered 'Bayle.'

I 'Prior' sought, but could not see
The 'Hood' so late in front;
And when I turned to hunt for 'Lee,'
Oh! where was my 'Leigh Hunt?'
I tried to laugh, old Care to tickle,
Yet could not 'Tickle' touch;
And then, alack! I miss'd my 'Mickle'—
And surely Mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed,
My sorrows to excuse,
To think I cannot read my 'Reid,'
Nor even use my 'Hughes;'
My classics would not quiet lie,
A thing so fondly hoped;
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry
'My 'Livy' has eloped!'

My life is wasting fast away—
I suffer from these shocks;
And though I fixed a lock on 'Gray,'
There's grey upon my locks.
I'm far from 'Young'—I'm growing pale—
I see my 'Butler' fly;
And when they ask about my *ail*,
''Tis 'Burton,' I reply.

They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my griefs divide;
For, oh! they've cured me of my 'Burns,'
And eased my 'Akenside;'
But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn;
For as they never found me 'Gay,'
They have not left me 'Sterne.'

[From the New York Mirror.]

MY AIN HIGHLAND LASS.

'Twas night—and I wander'd o'er muirlands and mountains,
From my own native isle doom'd an exile to roam;
From its deep golden glens, from its pure silver fountains,
From all my soul's treasure—my love and my home!
Yet a voice whispered Hope as the breeze sported by,
And a beam from above seemed o'er me to pass,
For the sparkling stars peeped through the clear blue sky,
Like the bonnie bright eyes of my ain highland lass.

Then cheerily, cheerily mounted my spirit,
Till in visions of bliss I pressed the loved earth;
'Twas the soil of my fathers I yet might inherit,
And in rapture I kissed the bright land of my birth.
But my parch'd lips refused on her bosom to dwell,
And in anguish I sprang from the moist, chilly grass,
For the dew drops that hung on the bonnie blue bell,
Felt like tears from the eyes of my ain highland lass.

And I fled through the wood like the swift-footed deer,
When he hears the shrill horn and the huntsman's loud cry,
An exile, I shrunk from so hallowed a bier—
In the land of my fathers I dared not to die!
Yet hope fluttered round with her bright wings of light,
And methought she still whisper'd life's dark storm would pass,
For the bonnie moon blinked, and she kissed the cold night,
As the smiles kiss the tears of my ain highland lass!

[From the Southern Literary Messenger.]

THE RULER'S FAITH.

BY MRS L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'Come and lay thine hand upon her, and she shall live.'—*Matt. ix. 18.*

Death cometh to the chamber of the sick.
The ruler's daughter, like the peasant's child,
Grows pale as marble. Hark, that hollow moan
Which none may help, and then, the last, faint breath
Subsiding with a shudder!
The loud wail
Bespeaks an idol fallen from the shrine
Of a fond father's heart. A wither'd flower
Is there, oh mother, where thy proudest hope
Solac'd itself with garlands, and beheld
New buddings every morn. Father, 'tis o'er!
That voice is silent, which had been thy harp,
Quickening thy footstep nightly toward the home,
Mingling, perchance, an echo all too deep
Even with the temple-worship, when the soul
Should deal with God alone.
What stranger-step
Breaketh the trance of grief? Whose radiant brow
In meekness and in majesty doth bend
Beside the bed of death?
'She doth but *sleep*,
The damsel is not *dead*.'
A smothered hiss
Contemptuous rises from the wondering band
Who hunt the breast and raise the linen'd wail
Of Judah's mourning.
Look upon the dead!
Heaven not the winding-sheet? These trembling lids—
What peers between their fringes, like the hue
Of dewy violet? The blanch'd lips depart,
And what a quivering, long-drawn sigh outcomes
Their [illegible]! Lo, the [illegible] hand
Graspeth the Master's, and with [illegible] spring
That shrouded sleeper, like a timid dove,
Hides in her mother's bosom!
[illegible]
Was in the parent's spirit, and its [illegible]
How [illegible]!
O mother, who dost gaze
Upon thy daughter, in that deeper sleep
Which [illegible] the soul's salvation, breathe her name
To that Redeemer's ear, both when she smiles
In all her glowing beauty on the morn,
And when, at night, her clustering tresses sweep,
Her downy pillow, in the trance of dreams,
Or when at Pleasure's beckoning she goes forth,
Or to the [illegible] of an earthly love
Yields her young heart! Be eloquent for her!
Take no denial, till that gracious hand
Which raised the ruler's dead, give life to her—
That better life, whose wings outmount the tomb!

[From the American Monthly Magazine.]

SONG OF THE DROWNED.

BY C. HOFFMAN.

I.

Down, far down, in the waters deep,
Where the [illegible] [illegible],
Our [illegible] from [illegible] [illegible] [illegible];
And though with us the [illegible] [illegible],
Upon every shore where the blue waves sound,
Yet [illegible], as it passes from lip to lip,
Alone is found true fellowship;
For only the Dead, where'er they range,
'Tis the Dead alone who never change.

II.

What [illegible] your pledges, ye sons of Earth;
Or to whom ye drink in your hours of mirth,
When [illegible] around your festal board?
Ye [illegible] and the [illegible] ye give
Will hardly the [illegible] of your wine outlive?
To Friendship [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] is told,
Almost are the pledges as your [illegible] cold!
For only the Dead, where'er they range,
'Tis the Dead alone who never change.

III.

They come, when the 'bolt of Death is hurled,'
Come down to us from that bleak, bleak world,
Where the wings of Sorrow are never furled:
Come, and we'll drink to the shades of the Past;
To the hopes that reached to life to the last;
To the lips and eyes we once did adore,
And the loves that in death can delude no more!
For the Dead, the Dead, wherever they range,
'Tis only the Dead who never change.

MISCELLANY.

BROOKS'S LETTERS.—NO. LXXV.

THINGS IN ROME.

ROME, October, 1836.

The modern Palaces in Rome, or rather their contents, are great objects of attraction; but the word *Palace* is far from giving an American an idea of what these structures commonly are. No habitation in truth, can well be more uncomfortable than a Roman Palace. The floors are of brick, and uncarpeted. The air enters at all points. Chilliness and gloom and desertion seem to dwell there. They are always built with an open court, into which carriages can drive; and this court, and even the marble staircases that lead from it into the interior, are commonly so dirty, so filthy even, that a stranger is disgusted the more by the contrast of mock splendor with such squalid nastiness. These beautiful staircases I have at times seen put to that use to which we devote the worst of places; and to find beautiful frescoes, pictures and statuary, I have been obliged to study my way along, with as much care as I would walk in a barn yard. Full one half of what is called a *Palazzo* in Rome, will bear this strong description. Comfort is a word which none of them know the meaning of,—and as for their being habitable places, they never can be to a man who has seen aught of comfort in England or America. To this remark the Palazzo Borghese is an exception; but there is no comfort even in this, though it is an edifice far more splendid than any in the United States, and profusely rich in pictures and furniture. Nine large rooms in it are usually shown to strangers, and the walls of these rooms are adorned with pictures from the pencils of the greatest painters of the world. In any other place than Rome, it would be a gallery, of which a nation would be proud—but here, it is the property of but the Borghese family alone. Diana shooting, by Domenichino, is one of its remarkable pictures, and the Deposition from the Cross by Raphel, is another; but Titian, Guercino, Albano, Julio Romano, Carlo Dolci, Caravaggio, Gherard delle Notti, and Paul Potter with his cattle, and Teneirs with his frolic and his fun, figure prominently among the multitude. *Palazzo Sciarra*, is also rich in pictures, the two most remarkable paintings in which are, perhaps, 'Vanity and Modesty,' by Leonardo da Vinci, and 'Gamblers cheating a Youth' by Caravaggio. The *Palazzo Doria* has in it some of the most celebrated landscapes in Rome. Gaspare Poussin here figures with his dark landscapes in tempera. The fanciful Albano is also visible. The light and airy Claude here shines forth in some of his most famous works. His Sacrifice to the Delphic Apollo, is one of his greatest things. Salvator Rosa is here in his sublime landscape called his *Belisario*. Rubens, Holbein, Murillo, Rembrandt, and Teniers are not forgotten.—Such a collection of pictures any where else but in Rome would immortalize the owner as one of the mighty patrons of art, but here in the abounding splendor of every thing of the like, it is thought nothing of. Rome, indeed, is so full of such things, that even a catalogue of the names is tedious, and I will, therefore, soon relieve you from them. The *Palazzo Spada* contains a colossal statue of a warrior holding a globe, supposed to represent Pompey, and to be the figure at whose base Cæsar fell. The Palazzo Farnese, the materials for building which were chiefly taken from the Colisseum and the Theatre of Marcellus, and which was in part the work of Michael Angelo, is one of the most splendid pieces of architecture in Rome. Before it stand two magnificent basins of Egyptian granite (above seventeen feet in length, and in depth between four and five feet,) which was found in Caracalla's Baths, and in the Quadrangle is the sarcophagus of Cecilia Metella, made of Parian marble and found in her monument. The gallery above stairs is ornamented with some of the finest frescoes in Rome, executed by Annibal Caracci and his scholars, the mere enumeration of whose subjects will give you an idea of what a school for mythology it is.—Paris recovering the golden apple from Mercury—Pan offering goat skins to Diana—Galatea with Tritons, Nymphs and Loves—Jupiter and Juno—Apollo flaying Marsyas—Boreas carrying off Orythea—Diana and Endymion—Europa on the Bull—Aurora and Cephalus in a chariot—Titan asleep, and Cupid flying with a basket of roses—Venus and Anchises—Hercules and Iole—Cupid binding a Satyr—Syrinx turned into reeds by Pan—Leander conducted by Cupid swimming, to visit Hero—Perseus and Andromeda—Polyphemus playing on the syringa to charm Galatea—Polyphemus hurling the fragment of a rock at Acis—Jupiter and Ganymede—Hyacinthus and Apollo—Perseus beheading Medusa, and Hercules wrestling with the Nemean Lion; all of which paintings are divided by ornaments in what is called in Italian, *chiaro scuro*, of wonderful workmanship. You see thus how the fictions of the poets are used by the artist to embody even the wall and vaults of an apartment, and you yourself can judge what must be the taste, and the faculties of such a people thus born with their eyes upon such beautiful creations—thus dwelling as it were in the realms of fancy, and seeing on earth the actions of the gods above.

But one more palace among the many, I will speak of, and then I shall have done. This other is the *Palazzo Corsini*, in which there are nine large rooms studded with gems of art, by Guido, by Murillo, Claude Lorrain, Domichino, Salvator Rosa, Nicolas Poussin, Albano, Rubens, Holbein, Bassano, and I know not how many other eminent men. The wealth of these palaces of Rome in all that appertains to art, is astonishing; and thus one sees, that go where he may, whether into church, house, palace, or street, the arts welcome him, and cheer his way. The people live and breathe in an atmosphere of poetry, sadly tinctured, it is true though, by the atmosphere of—fact.

The Fountains of Rome are among the most magnificent in the world, and certainly by far the most magnificent I have seen. Though the barbarians overthrew the aerial aqueducts of the Romans, yet water does not cease to flow from the mountains, and even now it is conducted into the streets and piazzas of Rome, with a manner and a pomp suited to the dignity of the Eternal City. The *Fontana di Termini* has a statue of Moses, on each side of which is a basso rilievo—the one representing Aaron conducting the Israelites to quench their thirst; the other, Gideon encouraging them to pass the river Jordan, and directing his soldiers to lead the way. In the *Piazza Navona* are two fountains, one of which is ornamented with a Triton and other sculpture; and out of the other rises upon a rock, the statue of a sea horse on one side, and on the other, of a lion, the four sides of which rock that an obelisk surmounts, being embellished with four colossal statues, representing four of the great rivers of the world—the Ganges, the Nile, (with its head covered, to signify that its source was unknown) the Plata, and the Danube. This Piazza Navona is sometimes permitted to be overflowed by these fountains, and in the basin that it makes, representations of sea fights are given. The Fountain of Trevi is one of the grandest in Rome. Among the niches in the columns over this flowing river, is a Neptune carved upon a couch, drawn by horses of the sea that Tritons conduct. In two other niches are allegorical figures, the one representing Salubrity, and the other, Health. Above these statues are bas reliefs—one representing Agrippa conducting the water to Rome, and the other, a young girl, pointing out the source of this water to the soldiers. The cornice supports four other statues also allegorical—one the Goddess of Flowers, another the Fertility of the Fields, another the Autumn or Fruitfulness, and the last, the charm of the prairies enamelled with flowers, or the Spring. The conch of Neptune throws out a great quantity of water, and it comes spouting and tumbling over the rocks; and though the effect is grand, yet the area where the fountain is, is not large enough for such a magnificence of work. Beautiful idea however, this is, particularly in a climate like that of Rome, of thus bringing refreshing cataracts into the very streets, and to the very doors of the people; and among the many things here that we ought to copy we can come upon us, this is not the least.

The *Piazzas* or Places of Rome, may be spoken of next, in order after its Fountains—for in these piazzas is commonly placed some one of these fountains. The *Piazza del Popolo*, of which I spoke in my first letter, is the most magnificent in Rome. The Pincian Hill embellished with a superb promenade, is just above it. A winding ascent is almost concealed on its sides among the trees and the walls. A fountain stands in its centre, and lions spout water from their mouths. Two churches front the gate. Elegant buildings are around the sides. All looks new, fresh and neat, and it is one of those few parts of Rome where one can live in peace. The *Piazza d' Espagna* is the common resort of foreigners, particularly of those who speak the English language. The fountain in it, and the lofty staircase that leads up to the Pincian Hill, where even now, a murder is done now and then, are its principal ornaments. The Place of St Peter was described in alluding to the church.—Monte Cavallo was spoken of from the hill of the Capitol. The Place of Pasquin, perhaps more famous from its statue, abroad, than all the others for their grandeur at home, is very little and very dirty; but here stands a Torso, or mutilated statue, from whence has come the word *Pasquinades*. Some think that this statue was the body of a soldier of Alexander—but others say, that Pasquin was a tailor, a man agreeable but satiric, and a critic, who dwelt in this quarter of the city, and around whom assembled persons of his character and a statue having been found in this place, they put it up, and called it after the name of the witty tailor. To this statue there were affixed epigrams and bons mots, called *Pasquinades*. In another place not far off, upon the side of the Capitol, was a statue of a river, found in the Forum, and to which was given the name of *Marforio*. These two statues were often pitted against each other in conversation. To Marforio, was applied a placard putting a question, and afterwards the response was affixed to the statue of Pasquin. The government was at last so much annoyed with this kind of conversation, that Marforio was transferred to the Capitol—and thus ended the colloquy of these pieces of marble. Poor Pasquin is now neglected, and never thought of, by a Roman, though his fame is spread far and wide in the word *Pasquinade*.

I have not spoken of the Pantheon yet, but I have not forgotten it—for one of the first objects I sought out was this, the oldest building in the world, the glorious relic of sixteen centuries—the pride of old Rome, and the ornament of the new. A market place is now around its noble portico, and upon the fountain opposite, many a young Roman urchin was trailing down his mouth the long strings of his maccaroni. Dirt, filth, every thing unattractive, was all around; and it was the very last place in which a stranger would expect to find the temple of all the gods. The preservation of this building, and the general destruction of old Roman edifices, is wonderful; and to what miraculous chance we are indebted for it, no man can tell. One of the old Popes, we know, (Eugenius IV.,) cleared away ruins all around the Pantheon, and the piazza in which it stands, was choked up with them.

But the Pantheon does not stand as it did, high and elevated in an open square, where all of its beauties might be beheld and approached, for the accumulation of earth has buried five of its steps, and a part of its foundations, and dirty buildings are crowded around all but its Portico. The marbles which once incrusted it, are chiefly gone, and only the ugly bricks are left to ornament its exterior. The Popes have plundered it of its bronze, and Genseric, king of the Vandals lost its costly doors in the Sicilian sea. A fortress it became at last, and then a church, the Church of the Martyrs, and the twenty eight cartloads of relics of Christian saints there deposited, consecrated it to the Christian God, and saved it from Christian pillage, and the malicious demon, who, it is said, long attacked with blows the worshippers that would invade the Pantheon of the Pagan gods. The Portico and the frieze are, however, in a good state of preservation. The stately vestibule supported by sixteen magnificent Corinthian columns of red oriental granite, with their bases and capitals of white marble, antique in point of beauty, and the entablature and pediment of the Portico, in the tympan of which are holes that once served for basi rilievi, each and all, yet stand as a monument of Roman art even in its lustrous days. But the interior from the novelty of its construction, perhaps, makes a greater impression than this Portico so much admired, measured and copied by artists of every land. The form is a Rotunda. There is not a window in it, but it is lighted from above, the dome of which is all open, uncovered by glass even, and the clouds from its centre are seen with a beautiful effect, as they flit athwart the vaults above.

The rains pour in there, and the snows, when there are any, and the Rotunda is, as it were, but a wall from the winds. But in a climate such as that of Italy generally is, though to-day (October 18th) it is sufficiently cold, such a view of the skies through such a dome particularly in the summer, must be not only beautiful, but grand, and at times even sublime. Imagine the Rotunda to be, as the ancients have described it, full of the statues of gods in bronze, silver and gold and precious marbles,—ornamented with columns of porphyry, caryatides, mosaics, with every thing in short, that the masters of the world could concentre there.

What then must have been the effect of the rich day light pouring in there, or the full moon, or the sun, even in his garniture of clouds, heightened as all this grandeur was by the superstition, that every marble was a god, from Jupiter the Avenger who stood upon the Tribune, to the Infernal Deities that were placed upon the pavement? The priest now has an altar where an idol stood. His candle is burning under the niche where a Roman god was placed. The beggars kneel about the doors where the Romans entered, and with starving appetites, beg for bread. Christianity has gained, but whether man has advanced, it is at least a question that one will put himself upon such a spot.—The inscription, however, in honor of Raphael, is at least instructive in this, if in nothing else, in showing that the empire of the arts may be disputed, if not by us of this day, by men who were not very long before us.

B.

'Abigail Lord
Of her own accord
Went down to see her sister;
When Jason Lee
Brisk as a flea,
Jumped right up and kissed her!'

The above verse of American poetry has been going the rounds for some time, and has elicited the praise of cotemporaries; many of whom, we fear, have taken no pains to examine either the rhythm, the structure of the sentence, or the sentiments contained in it. This portion of American versification is regarded as a set off to the admirable verse of Gray, commencing, 'Full many a gem,' &c. Yet even those beautiful lines have been criticised. It is a charge to which we must plead guilty, that we have few good critics in America—and that the poetry at the head of this article has so long been quoted without comment is one among the many proofs of our assertion. Nothing has been said even of the moral tendency of such sentiments; which, considering the acknowledged purity of the American taste, is somewhat remarkable. Even Mr. Pray, who can no more endure indelicate allusion than Queen Elizabeth could forgive Rively boots, is hoodwinked and cowed on this occasion by popular opinion—by the almost universal approval of the press.—He dare not pass strictures upon a piece which has received such universal commendation. We, on the other hand, think it a duty we owe to the republic of letters, to the reading community, and to ourselves to put this piece of poetry into the crucible and try its merits by the rules of severe criticism.

Firstly then, it will be observed that this piece is not a detached part of a longer poem. It is complete in itself. The author has compressed the whole story into a few lines. It commences abruptly, and without preface, 'Abigail Lord.' The reader is ready to inquire, who is Abigail Lord? Had the poet commenced, 'one Abigail Lord,' we should have been satisfied that the heroine of the poem was an obscure stranger, and we should have given ourselves very little concern about her. Here the ingenuity of the Bard is manifest. We are led to suppose that she is some celebrated belle, of whom the whole world is supposed to have heard. We read on, and get no further information with respect to Miss Lord. We are more than ever inclined to believe that she is some well known character—else why would the poet have omitted to give us some account of her birth and parentage, her prospects in life, and her religious profession. The poet continues,

'Abigail Lord,
Of her own accord,
Went down to see her sister.'

Here Miss Lord appears to great advantage. She did not go to see her sister on compulsion—to carry a bundle or to pay a visit of idle ceremony. On the contrary, she went freely, 'of her own accord,' and doubtless impelled by genuine affection. How beautiful is the love of two sisters—so pure, so tender, so disinterested! We are not informed how far Miss Lord was obliged to travel in order to bring about this affecting interview—whether she went in the stage, or walked—but we presume that the distance was considerable. Had the poet been more minute, it would have hurt the dignity of the whole description. But directly we are informed that a third person was in company with her sister. A young gentleman by the name of Jason Lee was *alone* with the other Miss Lord. Here the subject of the tale becomes extremely complex, and as the poet does not say that Mr Lee was the husband of the sister, we are ready to inquire, what was Jason Lee doing with the second Miss Lord, alone and at leisure? Had the poet stated that one Jason Lee happened to be present when Miss Abigail arrived, every thing would have appeared natural and common place; but the judicious reader will not be so easily satisfied when Jason Lee is mentioned as a matter of course. She went to see her sister, and *Jason Lee* 'jumped up and kissed her.' It was then a matter of common observance that Mr Lee should be found in the company of the second Miss Lord. What then? was he paying attention to Abigail's sister? If so, he would hardly have kissed Abigail in the very presence of his beloved. But the farther we go the more mystical becomes the affair. We are disposed to inquire whether Abigail did not know that Mr Lee was with her sister, when she set out to visit her? Here, we must confess, that the mystery and sudden timidity of Miss Abigail was in extreme jeopardy. If the poet means to intimate that Abigail went to the house of her sister because Jason was there, he should have said so—but, instead of that, he ingeniously throws a veil of virtue and chaste propriety around, and alluding to the youthful mind, in the same style of Boston. We are sufficient that an American author should be guilty of so servile and debasing an imitation of English authors. Miss Abigail is introduced to our notice as a pattern of comely love, and the reader is beguiled into the idea that such an one would be guilty of seeking an interview with a young man, whose character is described as impetuous and presuming. Certainly, he was no better than a debauchee, if without preface and immediately on the entrance of Miss Lord, he 'jumped up' and saluted her—a liberty which no young lady should permit, until she has been properly wooed for the boon. The kiss was given *instanter*—no permission was asked, no warning was given; and yet we are not told that Abigail was offended, or that her sister forbade him the house. We hope those editors who have unthinkingly introduced this poem into their columns, will apologise to their readers immediately.

DISMISSION FROM AMHERST COLLEGE.—We learn that the member of the Sophomore class in Amherst College, of whose intimacy with a colored girl much has been said, was dismissed from the institution on Wednesday last.—The Faculty, we understand, found on investigation nothing immoral connected with the acquaintance, but that he had been guilty of such improprieties as in their judgment made it suitable that he should no longer remain a member of the College. The case seems to have been much distorted and exaggerated in the newspapers.—*Springfield Gaz.*

ACCIDENTS OCCASIONED BY RAILROADS. It seems to us that the public is not sufficiently protected by the laws from injuries occasioned by railroads. We do not mean injuries upon the road from any mismanagement of the conductors thereof—but those which are the necessary consequences of the existence of a road. An example will explain our meaning.

The noise of an Engine is something out of the common and natural course of things—and all animals who hear it are struck with instant terror. Many horses when not within a considerable distance of a train, will, in their fright, fly away at full speed, endangering the vehicle drawn by them and what is more, the lives of the riders.—Such instances occur every day—and they must, from the nature of things be constantly liable to occur.

We say that a railroad should be accountable for all damages arising from this source; and this is our reasoning upon the point. It is necessary, in order that society should preserve its facilities and the business of life proceed satisfactorily, that beasts of burden should be used by man. Railroads are a great public advantage—but they are but trifling compared to the benefits accruing to the community from the use of domestic animals. Whatever then arises from the *inferior* benefit to injure the *superior*, should be taken due cognizance of. On this general ground therefore of benefit to the community, railroads should not be protected to the injury of the common modes of travel.

Again, has not a man a right in *justice*, to receive damages, should he lose a horse, or vehicle, or both, in consequence of the fright of the animal from hearing the noise of a Railroad Engine? We say yes. All creatures we know are liable to be frightened—but we will not admit the justice of the reasoning which says, that it is not the concern of the railroad if a man has a horse which will get frightened. The noise of an Engine is *unnatural*.—*All* animals are terrified at it—it is something strange—out of the common course—and it wars with the *nature* of the creature. It puts him out of man's control—and therefore the authors of it are accountable.

The case would be different were railroads undertaken solely for the *public good*—but they are not—and in our opinion, legislatures are too lenient to them—on this ground. They are *not* for the public good—in design or end. They are for the aggrandizement of the stockholders—for the promotion of the interests of the *few*. Shall any member of the community suffer, because the public good is advanced in order to further private ends—and is not consulted any farther than it conduces to this point? We say, and we think, with justice, no.

There are many men who are unwilling to use horses anywhere in the vicinity of railroads in consequence of the fright which they suffer from Engines. It is unjust that they should be debarred from their rights by this cause, over which they are not permitted to exercise any control.

We wish to have public good and private speculation more distinctly seperated and understood—and do not wish to see any members of the community suffer unjustly from this mistaken view.

FOOD OF EDITORS.—Charles G. Greene of the Post is partial to ham and turtle soup—he is given to oratory.—Neighbor Walter likes rich food of all kinds, and is very particular in the choice of his wines—but cannot endure mare's eggs. He is insensible to female loveliness. The editor of the Atlas is fond of roast beef and plum pudding.—High-seasoned dishes tickle his palate. He is zealous and energetic. Homer, of the Gazette, is a living sepulchre for fresh salmon. He is harmless after dinner. Little Weld of the Pearl likes chowder, oyster-soup, and bottled cider. He [illegible] his stomach, but his head is always full.—Pray, of the Pearl, [illegible] a custard, [illegible] or a cranberry tart. He is a poet—generous and unassuming. Hallett of the Advocate shows no mercy to fresh pork. A roast pig squeals at the very sight of him. He is talented and gentlemanly. Whildon of the Charlestown Aurora is no gourmand, but he is fond of fish, and can turn a beef steak under his jacket—the blood must follow the knife. He is a great stickler for good bread and good coffee. Charles W. Moore of the Mirror is very fond of venison, and wild fowl. Any thing eatable that has been brought down by cold lead is welcome to his table—'not to eat, but to be eaten.' He is an honest man. The Editor of Zion's Herald is fond of meat pies and stews. He is extremely partial to melons and fruit of all kinds. He is a capable editor. The editor of the Boston Pilot is very fond of potatoes. *We* like any thing that is good, especially a slice of wedding-cake occasionally.

RAPS ON ALL SIDES.—A political paper says, 'When Gen. Brown asked Col. Miller whether he could carry a strong fortress by storm, his answer was, 'I will try, sir!' That is all that is wanting. Try and defeat Van Buren, and he is defeated.' The above argument is unanswerable. *Let all the people* in the United States *try* to defeat Van Buren, and it is done. Mr Post, the SECRET is out; your opponents have learned *how* to defeat Van Buren. You may haul down your colors.

VAN BUREN.—Some papers are finding fault with *Van* for keeping English *servants*. Pray, gentlemen, would you that our public men should make the English *masters* instead of *servants*?

A GRATEFUL SOLDIER.—An old soldier who served under Gen. Harrison, writes a letter to a cotemporary, speaking in high praise of his old general. He does not say whether Harrison *saved his life* by officiating as his file-leader in a footrace.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—On Friday morning last, the morning train of cars from Providence stopped a moment at about nine o'clock, in Dedham, at the turnout of the Dedham branch. While there, a gentleman informed the engineer and conductor of the cars, that an extra train was to be sent out from the city at nine. They scouted at the idea of any such occurrence without their having been informed of any such intention, and would have proceeded on, but the gentleman persisting in asserting the truth of his information, and the passengers, of whom there was a considerable number, becoming alarmed, they concluded to wait, and remained about half an hour, when, sure enough, the described train passed by. They then proceeded on their way to the city.

What would have been the probable effect, had the gentleman not been present to communicate his knowledge of the starting of another train? The two trains would have met about where the dreadful accident occurred some time ago, and a second catastrophe would have resulted. We understand that the passengers were very angry at the gross carelessness manifested in suffering an extra train to start without the knowledge of the conductor of the regular train.

There must be two tracks on the Providence Road!

A FACT. A scrupulous Quaker, up country, had a horse up for sale. A man called to purchase him, and asked the owner if the 'horse would *draw* well?' 'Will he?' returned the other—'thee will be very much pleased to see him draw.' A bargain was struck and the money was paid. After the buyer had kept the horse several days, he went to the Quaker and said, 'That horse will not draw an ounce. You warranted him to draw well.' 'Thee art mistaken, friend,' returned Abinidab; 'I told thee that thee wouldst be pleased to see him draw. So should I be very much pleased to see him draw; but I never could get him to gratify me in that respect.'

THE WANDERING PIPER.—The Great Unmusical was at Claremont, N. H. last Monday, and gave out that he would perform in the evening. The National Eagle, published at Claremont, says that only about twenty tickets were disposed of. Those who were in the hall, after waiting impatiently nearly an hour for the 'Piper,' were greeted with a message from him that he would not perform unless fifty tickets were sold. The money they had paid for tickets was then refunded. Thus, says the Eagle, the whole piping of the Piper broke off as short as a pipe stem. But if the Piper did not pipe, there was piping enough soon after to satisfy any pipe loving mortal. A dozen or more unknown individuals got every musical instrument they could find, and sent forth, beneath the window of the Piper, most loud, harsh, and discordant squeaks, which for all the world sounded like a serenade of tom-cats, with an occasional note from a hoarse bull-frog, a slight mingling of a pumpkin vine chorus and a snatch or two from a tin kettle concert. They seemed determined that if he would not pipe for them, they at least would for him. The Piper disappeared about three o'clock the next morning.

FUNERAL. The body of the murdered watchman in N. Y. was followed to the grave by the mayor, aldermen, and assistant aldermen of the several wards, and a very large number of citizens. May the same citizens soon follow the murderer to the gallows.

We are gratified to say that Lieutenant ADAMS, the subject of the following paragraph, is in Baltimore, safe from the attacks of Boston Abolitionists, sustained by Boston Courts, laws, and lawyers, who appear to be influenced more by English law than the laws of the United States. The statement in the Boston paper of the COWSKIN assault is very defective, and omitting a number of interesting particulars. The writer of it, *inter alia*, neglected to state, that lawyer Sewall was prepared with two stout assistants, each of whom took hold of one of the arms of Lieutenant Adams, and held them down to his sides, while Mr Sewall struck him several blows in the face. Such is the Boston mode of showing fair play.

Such is the caption in the Baltimore Daily Advertiser to the account in the Post of the attack of Lieut. Adams on Mr Sewall. Not only does a spirit manifest itself in these few lines which is ripe for any lawlessness, but a willingness to forget the bonds which unite the States, and raise the cry of anarchy and dispute. The scandalous imputation cast upon our Courts of Justice should meet with the immediate and uncompromising condemnation of our Press. There never were cases tried, examined, and decided with more calm deliberation, fairness, and justice to all parties, according to the law than the late slave trials in our Supreme Court—Bostonians know the impartiality and high honor of the Judges of that Court—and will feel doubly indignant at the foul slander contained in the above.

The Baltimore Advertiser, from which we obtained the above, is a paper of long standing and much weight—and it is therefore more worthy of censure for promulgating among its readers these degrading insinuations and foul untruths.—It is not that we fear the immediate effect of such remarks—it is not that we regret, because there may be some who will believe our Courts to be corrupt—but it is the secret and slowly gathering sectional prejudices which will be fed by them—prejudices which have more than once threatened to kindle the flame of disunion—which do now but *slumber*—and may on some slight alarm awake in destructive strength.

It is notorious among us, that the Abolitionists are very unpopular—yes, more than once, excited passion against them has threatened to break the peace of our city—and yet, because Bostonians will not break down the laws, and violate every rule of propriety, the South is dissatisfied. It is to be hoped, that as our efforts at conciliation are scorned and misrepresented, that we may not abate one letter of our honor to effect this end.

It was said by some that Adams, when he returned, would meet with the same condemnation from the South that he received here—but it appears that he is lauded and caressed, and instead of an approval of *his* cowskinning propensities, the very attack is shifted on the other party, with an appendage respecting the assistants, &c., really interesting from its novelty.

THE WANDERING PIPER.—This man, who has been going about the country for several years, piping for whatever sums his audiences might give to him, and concerning whom there has been much curiosity, seems to have excited the wrath of many of our brethren most unjustly. He is called a vagabond and humbug—is reviled and persecuted—and if things go on as they have lately, he will not before long know where to lay his head. A Southern paper says that he is not so benevolent as many would make him to be, for although he has given *twenty-five thousand dollars* in charity, yet his receipts are known to be far greater than that. So—a gentleman has bestowed what would be considered an enormous sum had he taken it at once from his pocket and given it away, on deserving objects, and because he does not give *all*, he is a mountebank and swindler. If half the mountebanks who prey on the American public, and do not give a cent to charitable institutions, were served as he is, more justice would be done.

A political paper says—'From motives of policy, not wishing to create an undue excitement, we have hitherto withheld our opinion of this paltry man; [Daniel Webster,] but now, forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. We have spoken; and, if need be, we shall speak again. Let Mr. Webster tremble!' This quotation is from a small village weekly paper. We do not wonder that 'in the present state of things,' Mr. W. wishes to withdraw his name. The Presidential candidate has a singular gauntlet to run, in this country, before he reaches the chair.

RUN-AWAY MATCHES. It is said that run-away matches are seldom happy. If that be the case, it is because the wedded pair are forsaken or slandered and persecuted by their sordid and absolute parents, and the rest of their straighthearted relatives. It is always right to obey such parents as God and Nature, in preference to more fallible beings.

REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY. Capt. Howes, well known to travellers in steamboats, and formerly commander of a packet to Liverpool, has sometimes been much troubled by the English aristocracy. On one occasion, an English gentleman insisted upon some extra attention being paid to his baggage. Capt. Howes very courteously assured him that his baggage should be safe and left him to attend to other duties. Shortly afterwards, a boat from the 'Royal Tar' came on board, and the same fastidious passenger was introduced to Capt. P. as Sir ———, the wealthiest knight in ——shire, England. Capt. Howes took the hand of the British dignitary and shook it, observing at the same time, 'I don't care a copper for his rank and riches—all I want of him is my *three dollars* for his passage.'

CONUNDRUM. Why is a [illegible] old maid like a sinner desirous of reforming?

Answer. Because she is tired of living A-MISS.

INFAMOUS CRIME. Henry Waters, of Erie, Pa. post office, has been detected in *delivering* letters a la McDuff—the money has been, by his hand, *untimely ripped* from letters passing through the post office.

A MONSTER. The following from a Buffalo paper should be circulated far and near. No company should ever employ such a man—no traveller should ever allow himself to go as his passenger.

To the Public. The undersigned, passengers on board the steamer Victory, from Buffalo to Schlosser, 22d August, 1836, shocked at the brutal conduct of her temporary commander, Captain Geer, in obstinately disregarding the heart-rending appeals of an aged and infirm mother, who in the agony of maternal grief, implored him to return but twenty yards to a landing on Grand Island stepped on shore while the boat's crew were engaged receiving wood, take occasion to express the deep indignation they entertain for his inhuman obstinacy, and demand, as a public right, his immediate discharge from the service of his employers.

Should this reasonable expectation not be complied with, the subscribers earnestly and respectfully request the travelling public to discontinue their patronage of an establishment that can commit so gross an outrage upon the feelings of humanity.

It may be well to remark that this unfeeling man was deaf also to the united solicitations of all on board.—Signed by 15 passengers.

A FORTUNATE INSURANCE COMPANY.—On the first day of August last, the first policies issued by the Danvers Mutual Fire Insurance Company for seven years expired, and it became necessary to balance the account of profit and loss for that term. The result was the whole premium paid, and twenty-three and 35-100ths per cent on the same was refunded,—the Company having met with one loss only, and that by lightning.—*Salem Gazette.*

RALLE'S MONUMENT.—This monument, which was overthrown either by religious intolerance or wanton recklessness, has been replaced by subscription. It was raised on the 23d, the anniversary of the battle or massacre in which Father Ralle was slain.—*Skowhegan Sentinel.*

DESERTION FROM THE U. S. ARMY TO TEXAS.—We learn from the Pensacola Gazette of the 20th ult. that about the middle of July, General Gaines sent an officer of the United States Army into Texas to reclaim some deserters.—He found them already enlisted in the Texan service to the number of two hundred. They still wore the uniform of our army, but refused, of course, to return. The commander of the Texan forces was applied to, to enforce their return; but his only reply was, that the soldiers might go, but he had no authority to send them back.

The Philadelphia Gazette states that Henry Clay lately had a most miraculous escape from death. He was riding on horseback in one of his fields, surveying his cattle, when a furious bull, maddened from some cause or other, rushed towards him, and plunging his horns with tremendous force into the horse on which Mr Clay was seated, killed the poor animal on the spot. The distinguished rider was thrown to the distance of several feet from his horse, and though somewhat hurt by the fall, escaped without material injury.

VICTIM OF LOVE.—A grisette of the Quartier St. Jacques, who had heard her lover, a medical student, talk of human blood containing a portion of iron, was determined to have as much blood taken from her own person as would make a ring, which she meant to bestow on the idol of her heart.—Unfortunately, her whim was complied with, and the operation managed so unskilfully, that the poor girl fell a victim and died of inflammation. Her hapless lover followed her remains to the grave, and attracted the pity as well as the eye of all, by his deplorable appearance.—*Paris Courier.*

MARVELLOUS ESCAPE. An obituary notice of the late Capt. Elkins, of Salem, Mass. contains the following interesting anecdote: At one period of his life, while master of a large ship from this port, he was wrecked on the coast of the Texel in a most violent winter storm; at which time twelve other sail of large vessels were thrown upon the rocks and destroyed at the same place. Capt. Elkins was the only one of the two hundred souls who escaped with life from those wrecks; not a *living creature of any kind* but himself was preserved. For many hours he was lashed to the bowsprit of his ship—amid extreme cold—every wave breaking over him; and while one after another was expiring and dropping off around him, his iron constitution and fortitude of mind bore him through. After the storm had abated, he was relieved from his perilous situation by some of the humane inhabitants on shore,—who, at imminent hazard, swam to him on horses,—and he seizing hold of the tail of one, was in this way drawn almost lifeless to the shore. The latter part of his sea-faring life was more fortunate, and provided him with a competency.

Mr Mossie having been served up in the Transcript, thus exculpates himself—

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Sir: I saw in the Transcript of Thursday last, a good humored prose epigram, which accounted for my recent failure at Northampton by quoting the pithy proverb, 'When the wine's in,' &c. My respects for, and my duty to, an indulgent public, alike prompt me frankly to explain the matter. I was 'sick,' and very sick—had for a long time abandoned the use of stimulants—but being determined, if possible, not to permit a second adjournment, tried what virtue there was in wine. The result was to deepen the gloom arising from ill health—but by no means such as either from quantity or effect to justify me or others in ascribing my inefficiency, mental or physical, to Bacchus.

As I intend to revisit Boston, I wish you would publish this letter, or part of it, in order that I may be put *rectus in curia*; for when I come, though my Boston patrons may find the 'wit out,' they certainly will *not* find the 'wine in,' as I have joined the Teetotalers. I would here say to those whose professions compel them to speak in public, that experience has taught me that to call in the aid of stimuli, is a policy as erroneous as that which led the Britons to solicit Saxon assistance.

I am, respectfully, yours,

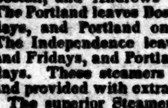
JOHN C. MOSSIE.

MUNICIPAL COURT.—The following prisoners, indicted at the present term, were arraigned Wednesday—

Ezekiel E. Dyer was charged on three indictments for having in his possession counterfeit bills, with the intention of passing the same. The first indictment contained *nineteen* counts, the second eight, and the third two. He was also charged, on a fourth indictment, for receiving a quantity of silver plate, belonging to Mr Charles M. Endicott, of Salem, which was stolen from that gentleman's dwelling, on the 17th June last. The prisoner pleaded not guilty, to all the indictments. Before a day had been set apart for his trial, Messrs Peleg Sprague and John C. Park counsel for the prisoner, argued the question of bail before the Court. They contended that the case presented a different aspect in this Court from that of the Police Court, inasmuch as the prisoner was there charged with breaking into and robbing Mr Endicott's house; which, if sustained, would subject him to a life imprisonment.

The Police Magistrate, acting under the impression that both offences were punishable by imprisonment for life, ordered the prisoner to recognize in the sum of \$25,000.—But it appeared by the Revised Statutes, that the Banks of this Commonwealth, are more strongly protected than those of other States, as it is provided that any person who shall have in his possession ten or more counterfeit bills of any of the incorporated Banks of this State, with intent to pass, &c. shall be punished by imprisonment in State Prison for life. But the bringing into this State, as in Dyer's counterfeit bills, in Banks of other States, shall be punished by five years imprisonment. Under these circumstances, the Court orders that Dyer give bonds in the sums of \$1000 for the receiving of the stolen goods, and \$2000 for the counterfeit money.

David H. Longley pleaded guilty on four indictments, for larceny. Eliza Sargent for larceny. John Carson, for assaulting a watchman. S. W. Moore, for keeping a gambling house. Wm. Moore, for assaulting constable Peirce. A. W. Thayer, for forgery—severally pleaded Not Guilty.—*Merc. Jour.*



EASTERN STEAM BOAT MAIL LINE, for Portland, Bath, Hallowel Bangor, Eastport, and St. Johns, New Brunswick.

The PORTLAND, 450 tons,	Capt Jabez Howes.
INDEPENDENCE, 500 do.	" Tho's Howes.
McDONOUGH, 300 tons do.	" Andrew Brown.
BANGOR, 400 do.	" S. H. Howes.
ROYAL TAR. 400 do.	" Reed.

The splendid Steamers Portland and Independence, will run every night, Sundays excepted, between Boston and Portland—leaving Eastern Steamboat Wharf, foot of Hannover street, Boston, and Andrews' Wharf, Portland, at 7 o'clock, P. M.—The Portland leaves Boston on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and Portland on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The Independence leaves Boston on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and Portland on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. These steamers are expressly adapted for sea routs, and provided with extra boats and life preservers.

The superior Steamer McDonough has been put in perfect order, improved in model and speed, and will run daily between Portland and Hallowell, touching at Bath and Gardiner—will leave Portland after the arrival of the Boston Boats, at 8 o'clock A. M., on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and Hallowell on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 9 o'clock, A. M.; connecting with the Night Boats for Boston.

The favorite Steamer Bangor will run as a Day Boat between Portland and Bangor, touching at Owl's Head, Saturday Cove, Bucksport, Frankfort and Hampden, she will leave Portland on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 6 o'clock, A. M., immediately after the arrival of the Boston Boat, and Bangor, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M., connecting with the night boats for Boston; she is furnished with a Fire Engine, Life Preservers, Cork Mattrasses and four Boats. One half the Portland and Independence will be reserved for the passengers from the Penobscot, and ample accommodation reserved for those from the Kennebec.

The new and superior Steamer Royal Tar, will run weekly between Portland and St. John's, N. B., touching at Eastport. She will leave Portland on Fridays, after the arrival of the Portland from Boston, and St. John's on Wednesday afternoon, in season to place her passengers in the Independence on Thursday evening. The McDonough and Royal Tar commence their trips from and after May 5.

Fare from		Boston to Portland,	\$3;
"	"	Boston to Bath,	\$3 50;
"	"	Boston to Hallowell,	\$4;
"	"	Portland to Bangor,	\$4.
"	"	Portland to Eastport.	\$6;
"	"	Portland to St. John's,	\$8;

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☞ The Proprietors of the Boats, however, will not be responsible for any Bank Bills, Notes, Drafts, Packages, Trunks, or other articles of value, unless the value is disclosed, a proportionable price paid, and a written receipt taken therefor, signed by the Captain or Clerk.
***All baggage at the sole risk of the owners thereof
Apply to I. W. GOODRICH, Agent, No 56 Washington-st. or at the Eastern Steamboat Wharf. may 24

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Bottled Porter, Ale and Cider, at wholesale; Roasted and Ground Coffee.
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To earthly hands so seldom given;
Thy bloom shall other climes renew,
Thy native soil is Heaven.'

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